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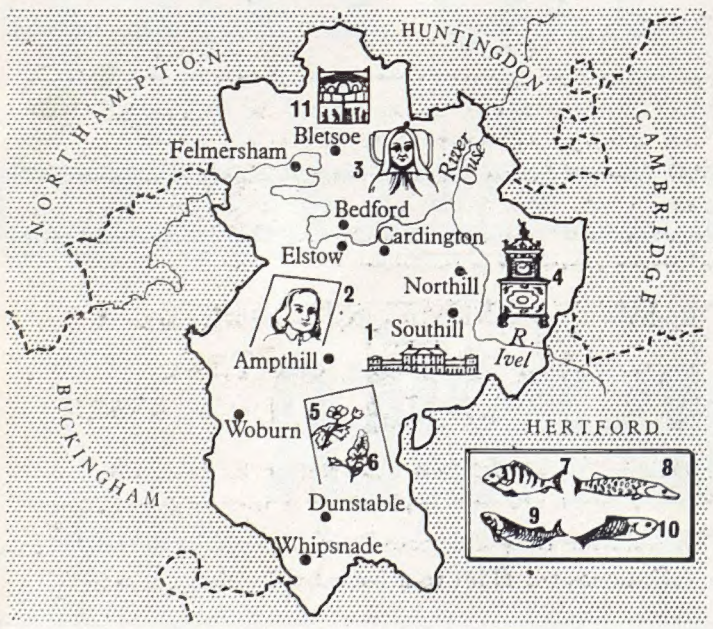
Shell guide to BEDFORDSHIRE



Bedfordshire is the small county of the Ouse, or rather the shire of the ford, across the Ouse, of the Anglo-Saxon named Bieda. A county of winding water, leaning willows, meadows, park-environed mansions (the mansion in the picture is Southill (1), designed in 1795 by Henry Holland, for the brewer Whitbread) and a lazy, genial, comfortable landscape, near enough to London to have been the home of many famous and important Englishmen. John Bunyan (2) (for the original editions of his books, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Mr Badman*, *Grace Abounding*, *A Few Sighs from Hell*, and the rest, visit the Bunyan Collections in the Bedford Public Library) was born at Harrowden in Cardington parish in 1628, and brought up at Elstow. In the same parish in the heart of the county, famous later on for the manufacture of airships and balloons, lived the great prison reformer John Howard (1726-1790). And Lord John Russell, 1st Earl Russell (1792-1878), statesman of the Reform Bill (and grandfather of Bertrand Russell), was one of the Russells of Woburn, on the western border of the county. Earlier still Margaret Beaufort (3), Countess of Richmond, humanist and patron of learning and founder of Christ's College and St John's College at Cambridge, was born in 1443 at Bletsoe, near the upper windings of the Ouse. She was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1509, and is commemorated there by an effigy. The master craftsman Thomas Tompion, the clockmaker (1639-1713) of London (here you see the ebony-cased clock (4) he made for William III), was another Bedfordshire man, son of a wheelwright at Northill. From Felmersham on the Ouse in marsh marigold (5) primrose (6) country, where fishermen wait along the banks for perch (7), pike (8), chub (9), dace (10) comes the curious cut-out inn sign of the Six Ringers (11), very suitable in a county of so many church towers and spires.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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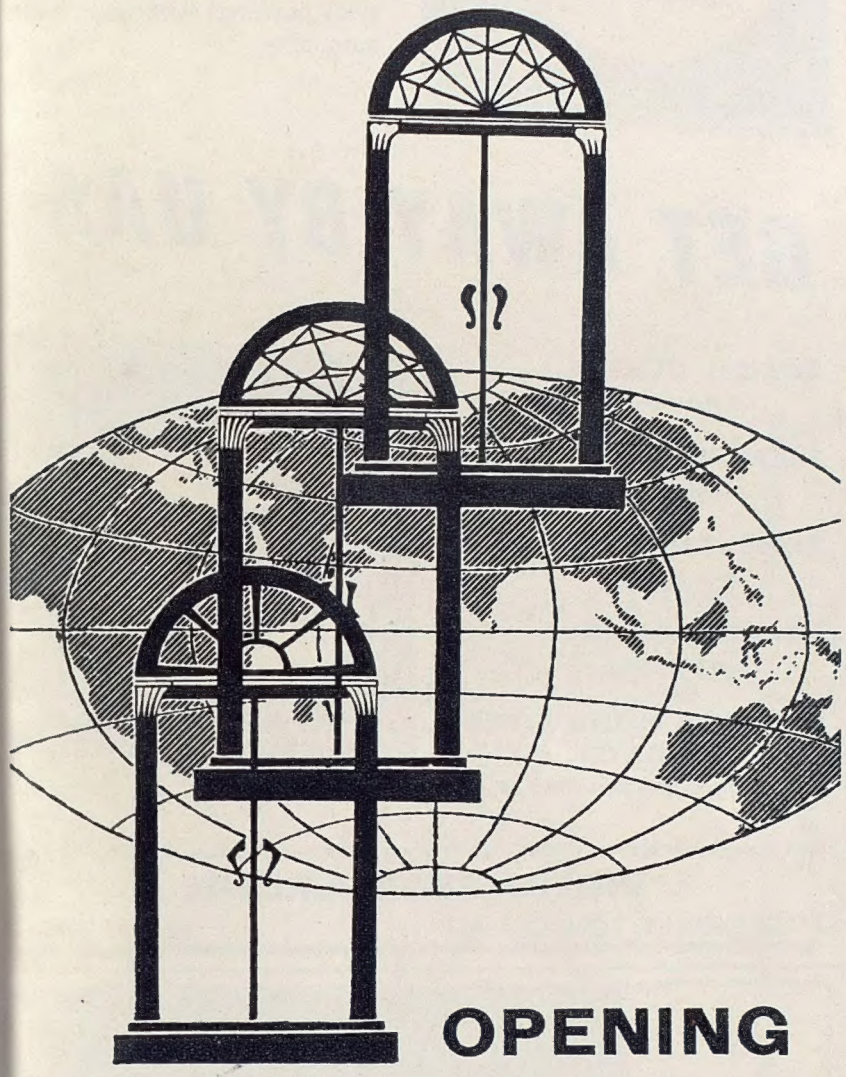

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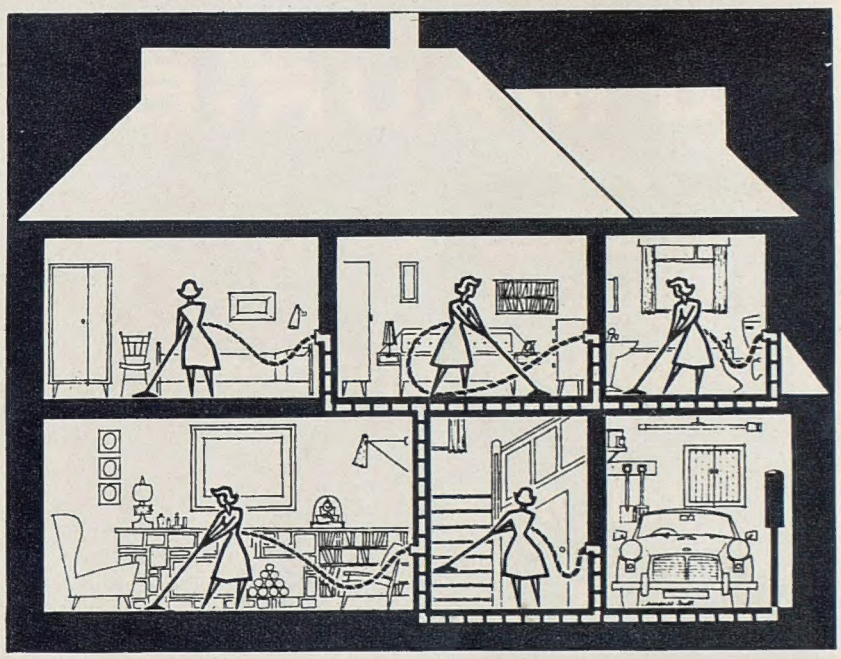

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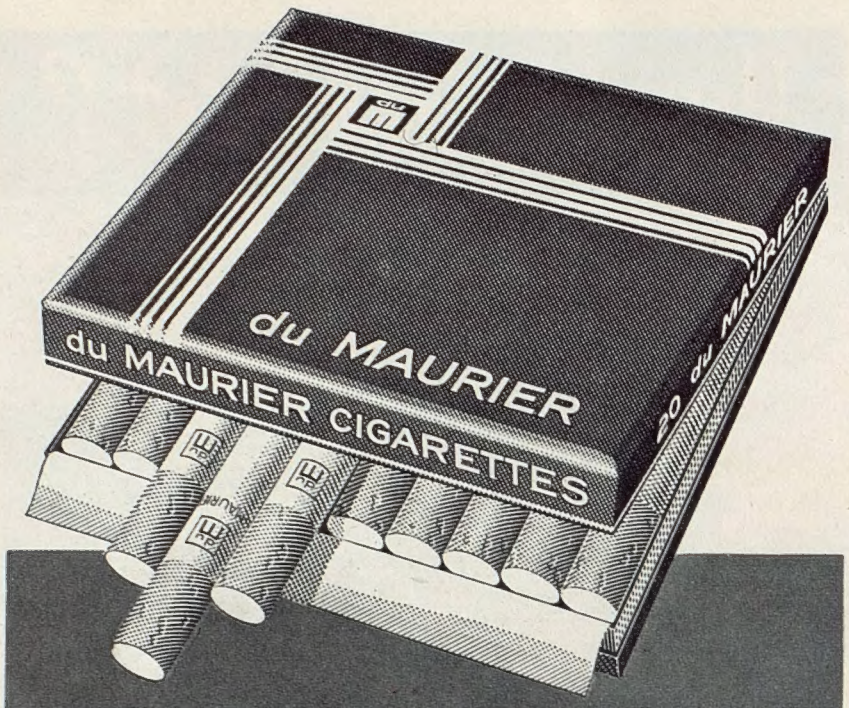

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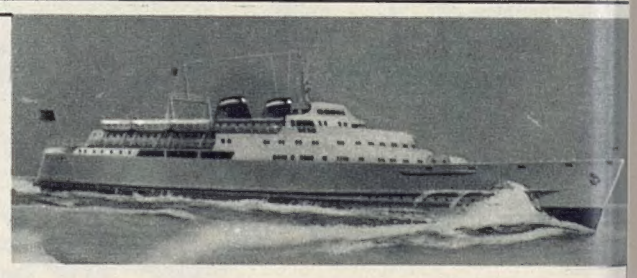

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THE SPHERE

LONDON, April 7, 1962

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SCHOOLDAYS IN VIETNAM

Supervised by a soldier, South Vietnamese village children on their way to school cross a plank replacing a bridge destroyed by Communist terrorists in the jungle north of Saigon. A comprehensive plan to pacify South Vietnam by isolating the rural population from the Communists was begun recently by South Vietnamese forces with considerable assistance from America and advice from a small British mission. The operation involves the resettlement of villages, forcibly if necessary, within stockades to prevent contact with the guerillas. It is based on a similar system which was used successfully by the British when fighting the Communist guerillas in Malaya. It has been described by American observers in South Vietnam as "the first aggressive action against the guerillas that has made any sense"

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NEWS SUMMARY

No progress at Geneva; Commonwealth to meet over Common Market; Budget and by-election speculation; threats from Africa; Kurds fight Kassem again

INTERNATIONAL

At the seventeen-nation Disarmament Conference in **Geneva** last week, Mr. Rapacki, the Polish Foreign Minister, propounded a new formulation of his plan for a nuclear-free zone in central Europe. The new Rapacki plan proposes the nuclear-free zone should be in East and West Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland. No progress was made at all on the possibility of a nuclear test ban in the discussions of the sub-committee consisting of Britain, the U.S. and Russia. Both Lord Home and Mr. Rusk left to report to their respective capitals. In **London** Lord Home gave an account of the Geneva talks to date to the House of Lords. The Foreign Secretary ascribed the deadlock on a nuclear test ban treaty to Russia's refusal to accept the "absolute minimum" of international inspection which Britain and America regarded as necessary to make any control system effective. Lord Home also told the Lords he had had some blunt words with Mr. Gromyko over **Berlin.**

In **Washington** Mr. Rusk was believed to be holding the view that Berlin was the one subject on which East and West might find some agreement. But chances of East-West accord on any German question did not seem improved by the restrictions being placed by the Americans on the movements of the Russian military mission in **Frankfurt** and the countermeasures of "supervision" taken by the Russians regarding the American military mission in **Potsdam.**

The former dictator of Argentina, Juan Peron, is with his wife in his flat in Madrid, Spain

GREAT BRITAIN

Arrangements are under way to hold a Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference to consider the conditions of Britain's entry into the European Common Market. It was thought that the conference would take place in the late summer or early autumn. Both the Canadian and Australian Prime Ministers have expressed grave concern over the effects Britain's joining the Common Market might have on Commonwealth trade.

This year's Budget Day is next Monday, April 9. When the nation's financial year ended last weekend there was an overall deficit of £211,000,000.

Mr. Macmillan last Monday visited **Stockton** to lend support to the Conservative candidate, Mr. Gerald Coles, in the by-election last Thursday, April 5. After the Liberal victory at Orpington there was a vast amount of speculation about Stockton, which was taken to be a key by-election in the fortunes of all three parties. Mr. Macmillan was himself the last Conservative M.P. for Stockton —he was defeated in 1945 by over 8,000 votes. In the last General Election, Labour held the seat by a majority of 3,277 in a straight fight with the Conservatives. But this time there was a three-cornered contest with a Liberal in the field as well.

Four members of the Electrical Trades Union, who were found guilty in the ballot rigging case, were expelled from the union last weekend. They included Mr. F. L. Haxell, who was removed from the post of general secretary on the orders of the High Court Judge, Mr. Justice Wynn. Mr. Haxell subsequently left the Communist Party.

Dr. Beeching, chairman of the British Transport Commission, visited the Bluebell Line in Sussex last Sunday and was made an honorary life member of the line's Preservation Society. At an impromptu press conference he defended the decision to increase British Railways and London Transport fares by about 10 per cent. Speaking about the London commuting area, Dr. Beeching said he was faced by "the absurd situation of more people wanting to travel on the lines than we can carry. And yet they are paying insufficient fares to provide money to expand and improve the railways as we would like." (See page 24).

The Leonardo da Vinci cartoon of the Virgin and Child with St. John the Baptist and St. Anne from the Royal Academy is now on exhibition at the National Gallery in London. In the next few months the National Art-Collections Fund hopes to raise £800,000 to buy it for the nation. On the first two days the cartoon was on show at the National Gallery, 16,050 people went to see it, and donated £921 to the fund.

AFRICA

Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Rhodesian Federation, opened his election campaign at **Broken Hill** with a controversial speech in which he said that the Federation, on gaining independence, might have to leave the Commonwealth because of the way in which it was developing. He stressed the distinction between his loyalty to the Queen and his lack of loyalty to the British Government. The Federal Elections will be held on April 27. They are being boycotted by all the main political parties other than Sir Roy's United Federal Party.

In **Kampala,** capital of Uganda, Mr. Kiwanuka, the Prime Minister, threatened that his country would consider leaving the Commonwealth on obtaining independence if Britain continued to oppose the granting of federal status to the kingdoms of Ankole, Bunyoro and Toro. Mr. Kiwanuka recently made an unsuccessful attempt to secure a postponement of the elections for the National Assembly (to be held on April 25). The rulers of the kingdoms, with the Kyabazinga of Busoga, arrived in London last weekend for talks with Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, on their status in an independent Uganda.

THE UNITED STATES

An edited transcript which has been released of secret sessions of a Congressional sub-committee in **Washington** has given confirmation to theories about the purposes and intentions of U.S. nuclear testing. Appearing at the sessions was Major-General Robert Booth, Chief of the U.S. Defence Atomic Support Agency. It was apparent from the transcript that the U.S. was studying possibilities of conducting nuclear testing in outer space. From these high-altitude explosions there would be no fall-out.

IRAQ

Reports from **Bagdad** indicate that fighting broke out last week in the north of Iraq between the Kurds, led by Mustafa Barazani, and the troops of General Kassem's Central Government. Casualties were said to be high. **Mosul,** the chief town of the north, was the scene of a general strike and was under curfew. Agitation for a separate Kurdish national state, to include parts of Turkey and Persia, has been rife for some time.

CORRECTION

In the issue of *The Sphere* for March 24 on page 481 —The R.A.F.'s New Military Transport—the caption to one of the photographs stated that it showed jeeps being loaded into an Argosy. This was incorrect. The vehicles concerned were Land-Rovers.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE SYRIAN *COUP D'ETAT* TALKS TO THE PRESS

Major-General Abdel Karim Zahreddin, the Commander-in-Chief of the Syrian Army, speaks at a Press conference in Damascus. Last week he was one of the leaders of a *coup d'état* in Syria which overthrew the Government elected at the beginning of December. The politicians were accused of betraying the aims of last September's revolution (in which Syria broke away from the union with Egypt) of trying to deprive workers of the fruits of their labour, and of collaboration with "imperialism". Latest reports from Syria showed a confused situation with the Army seemingly divided over the issue of rejoining the United Arab Republic and struggling to retain its hold over Aleppo, in northern Syria, a stronghold of ex-President Kudsi's dissolved People's Party. Aleppo was also the scene of pro-Nasser demonstrations

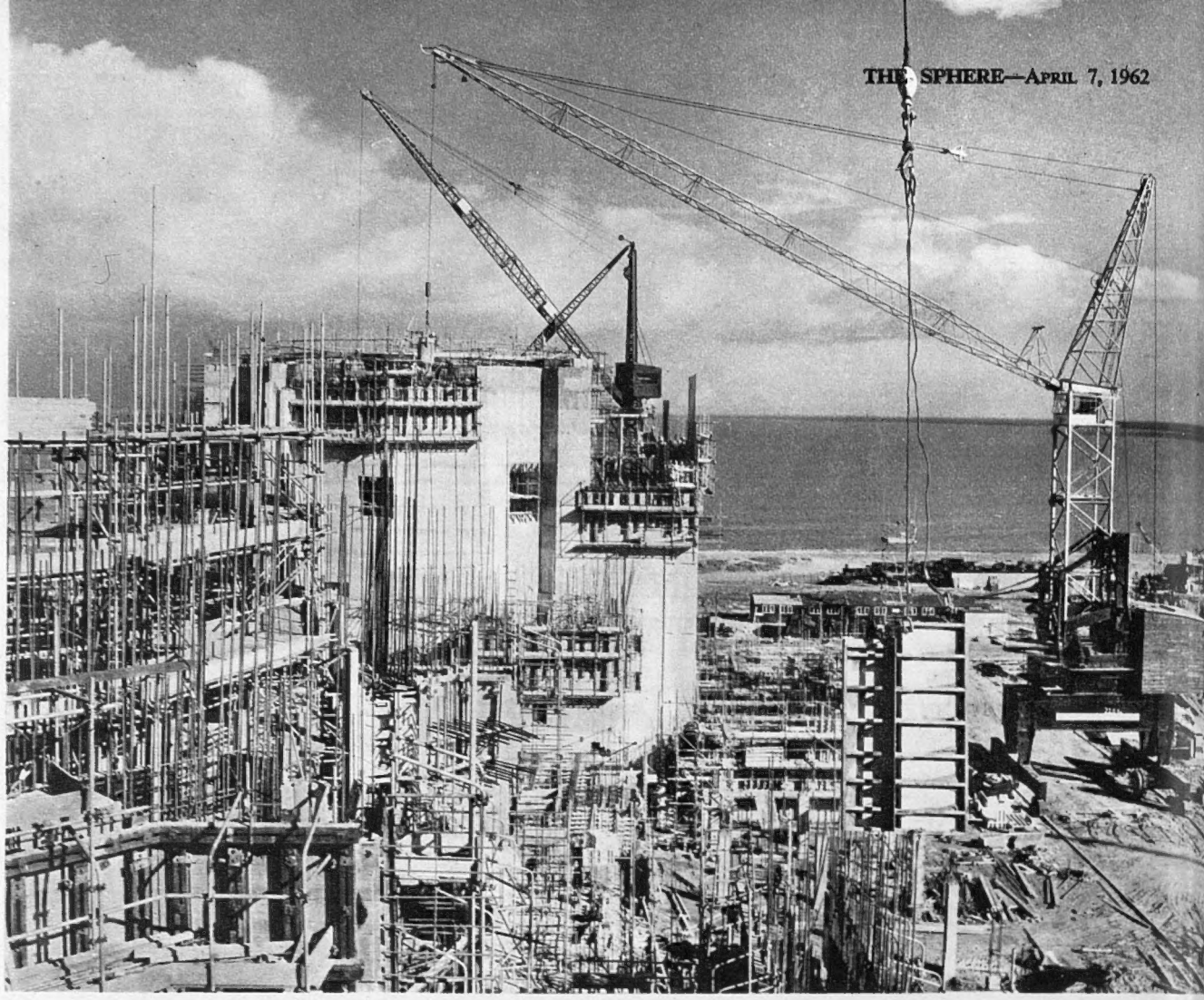
PERONIST GOVERNOR-ELECT OF BUENOS AIRES PROVINCE

EX-PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA, DR. FRONDIZI

After days of great confusion in Argentina, Dr. Frondizi, then President, was arrested by the Army leaders, and was succeeded in office by Señor Guido, who was supported by the armed forces. The causes of the crisis were Dr. Frondizi's controversial economic policy and his decision to allow the Peronist party to stand in the recent Congressional and provincial elections. The party, which supports the ex-dictator of Argentina, Juan Peron, now in exile in Spain, had hitherto been banned from political activity since his fall in 1955. When permitted to stand last month, it gained 35 per cent of the votes. In face of pressure from the armed forces, Dr. Frondizi declared that five of the provincial elections were invalid. But he was still forced to leave office. **Far left:** The Peronist Andres Framini, seated centre, gesticulates at a Press conference in Buenos Aires after being elected Governor of Buenos Aires province. This was one of the elections declared invalid by Dr. Frondizi. **Left:** Before his arrest and then still President, Dr. Frondizi leaves Government House, in Buenos Aires

THE ALGERIAN CRISIS

Far left: Armoured vehicles of the French Security Forces take up position in a street in Oran. This was one of the towns of Algeria in which there had been bitter fighting between Europeans and French troops in the aftermath of the civil war armistice. It was here last week that General Jouhaud, one of the terrorist O.A.S. leaders, was captured by the French Army. Over the weekend uneasy calm was reported from Oran and also from Algiers. **Left:** M. Abderrahmane Farès (third from left), appointed President of the twelve-member Provisional Executive for Algeria, arrives at Orly Airport, Paris, to have talks with M. Joxe, the Minister for Algerian Affairs. (See also John Connell, page 12)



The world's first 580-megawatt nuclear power station begins to take shape by the sea at Sizewell, in Suffolk. The photograph was taken from the top of the No. 2 reactor building and shows the work in progress on the No. 1 reactor building. At right is one of the two 10-ton capacity free-travelling Peine tower cranes, the largest of the type in the world, being used on the site. Construction began twelve months ago and is now at least a month ahead of schedule. Those responsible for building the station for the Central Electricity Generating Board are the English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, and Taylor Woodrow Atomic Power Group. From the public observation platform put up by the Group at Sizewell over 25,000 people have observed the construction operations during the past year

THIRTEEN MONTHS' WORK IN A YEAR—BEATING THE CALENDAR IN A BRITISH NUCLEAR PROJECT

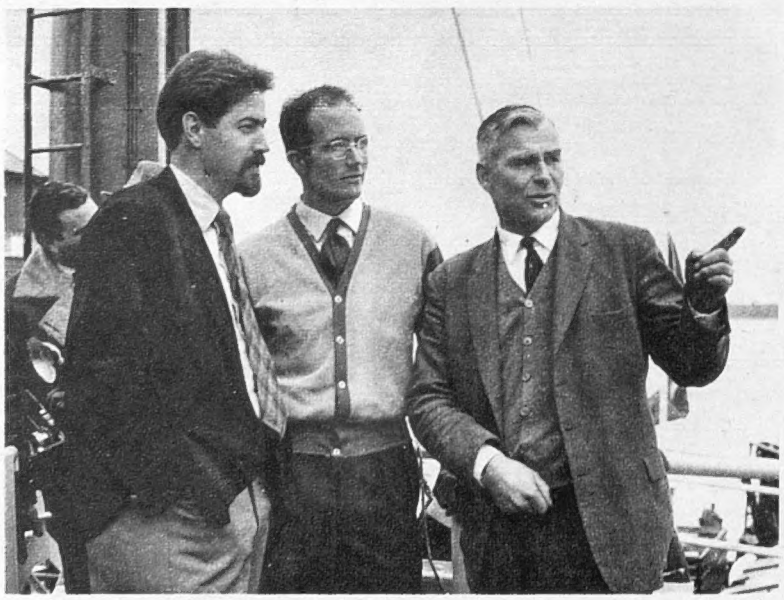
Below right: At the Foreign Office, London, are signatories of the European Satellite Convention, covering the work of the European Launching Development Organisation (ELDO) in putting a communications satellite into orbit. From left are: Sig. Quaroni, the Italian Ambassador; Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the Minister of Aviation; Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal; and Dr. Thierfelder, of the West German Embassy. The convention was signed later by the French Ambassador

EUROPEAN CO-OPERATION ON A COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE

Far right: Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten, Chief of the Defence Staff, and General Maxwell Taylor, President Kennedy's military adviser, leave the Ministry of Defence in London. General Maxwell was in Britain last week to obtain a full briefing on British defence policy. He also saw Mr. Macmillan and Lord Home. It was understood that among the subjects discussed were the proposals for a Nato nuclear force and the level of conventional forces in Nato

GENERAL TAYLOR IN LONDON

Bearded Dennis Ardus from Newcastle and Colin Johnson from Wandsworth, London, are welcomed home by Sir Vivian Fuchs, Director of the British Antarctic Survey, on their arrival at Southampton last week on board the Danish ship *Kista Dan*, returning from the Antarctic. During their two years with the Antarctic Survey they named three peaks, two of them after their fiancées



SIR VIVIAN FUCHS WELCOMES TWO ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS

Far right: Sir Raymond Priestley, who was a member of Scott's last expedition in Antarctica, lays a wreath on the statue in Cheltenham of Dr. Edward Wilson, who lost his life with Captain Scott on their return from the Pole in March 1912. The occasion was a memorial service on the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Wilson's death. He was born in Cheltenham in 1872

IN MEMORY OF A SOUTH POLAR HERO

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE PRESIDENT OF WEST GERMANY IN VIENNA

The German Federal President, Dr. Heinrich Lübke, acknowledges applause as he walks down the stairs of the Westbahnhof Railway Station in Vienna, accompanied by the Austrian President Dr. Adolf N. Schärf. Behind are Frau Lübke and, on the right, Dr. Schärf's daughter. Dr. Lübke was on a five-day state visit to Austria last week

SCOTLAND'S MODERATOR IN ROME

The Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Dr. A. C. Craig, pauses in St. Peter's Square in Rome after his audience with Pope John XXIII in the Vatican. The two church leaders spent thirty-eight minutes together, after which they exchanged gifts. The visit received widespread attention in the Italian Press

CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL FOR ROBERT FROST

At a ceremony in the White House in Washington, President Kennedy bestows the Congressional medal on Mr. Robert Frost, the eminent American poet, in recognition of his services to American letters. Mr. Frost, who was celebrating his 88th birthday, in return presented Mr. Kennedy with his latest book of poems *In a Clearing*. To the right of Mr. Frost is Vice-President Lyndon Johnson. Describing his friendship with Mr. Kennedy, the poet said that the President "had a nice Irish weakness for the arts"

MRS. KENNEDY IN LONDON

Far right: A member of Mrs. Kennedy's staff holds out his arms to ask the surging crowd to make way for Mrs. Kennedy to reach her car as she sets out from the London house of her sister, Princess Radziwill (standing behind Mrs. Kennedy) to drive to Buckingham Palace for luncheon with the Queen. Between the two sisters is Mr. Bruce, the United States Ambassador, who was also a guest at the luncheon. Others included Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan. America's First Lady was reported as saying she was "very excited" by the prospect of the luncheon at the Palace. She was in London for a brief private visit on her way back to Washington from her extensive tours of India and Pakistan

TRISTAN DA CUNHA AFTER THE ERUPTION

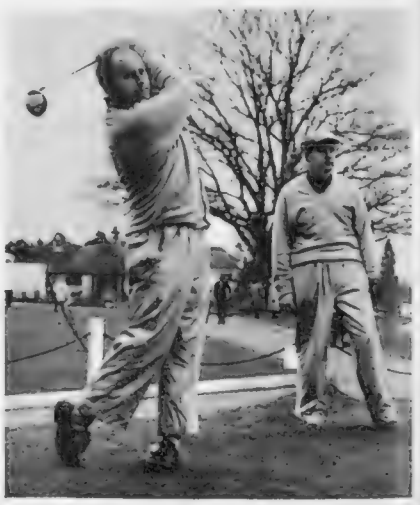
One of the first aerial views of Tristan da Cunha since the volcanic eruption last autumn shows the extent to which the lava flow wiped out the two landing beaches of the remote island in the South Atlantic. The village of Edinburgh is right foreground. To the left of the cone stood the rock lobster factory which was buried in the lava. The photograph was taken recently from a helicopter of H.M.S. *Protector* which reached Simonstown naval base, in South Africa, last week with the Royal Society expedition on board

DAYS OF SPORT

Last week saw some important days of sport. On Saturday, on the Thames tideway in London, the Head of the River race was rowed from Mortlake to Putney. Barn Cottage won for the fifth year in succession. Stroked as usual by C. G. V. Davidge, they knocked 5 secs. off their previous best time for the course. Saturday was also the date of the Grand National. The Aintree occasion for 1962 will be remembered as a great triumph for veterans. The first three horses past the post were all twelve-year-olds: Kilmore (F. Winter up) was first; Wyndburgh (T. A. Barnes) second and Mr. What (J. Lehane) third.

The first classic of the flat season was run at Lincoln on Wednesday, the 50-1 chance, Hill Royal, being the winner. In golf the Open Handicap foursomes occupied several days at Sunningdale. The eventual victors were R. Whitehead (Walton Heath) and N. C. Coles (Coombe Hill).

Some of the crews in last week's Head of the River race



N. Coles, driving, and R. Whitehead

Hill Royal, ridden by J. Sime, wins the Lincolnshire Handicap by a neck from Robson's Choice (nearest the camera), ridden by G. Lewis. Third was Honeymoor

The winner of the Grand National at Aintree, Kilmore, ridden by Fred Winter, takes the last fence from Wyndburgh (centre), the second home, and Mr. What (left), third

Taking Becher's Brook the first time round is Solfen. Extreme left is Taxidermist

The field takes the first fence in the Grand National. About to fall is Springbok

JOHN CONNELL

THE ALGERIAN CEASE-FIRE AND AFTER

As many feared and a few (it must be supposed) hoped, the announcement of the cease-fire in Algeria, bringing to an end more than seven years of war, was followed—after a brief, very sinister lull—by a new outburst of hateful violence. The O.A.S., with its blackmail, its posters crying " *Aux Armes, Citoyens,*" and its penetration of many levels of the police, the Army and the administration in Algeria, was determined to show that it would not accept, on any terms, the transfer of political power from French to Muslim hands. As well as fanaticism and utter callousness, the O.A.S. has had (both before and after the cease-fire) two advantages: the initiative and the element of surprise. These it used with a certain brutal efficiency. If, in France and among France's friends, the capacity to be shocked has not been drained away, surely events since the Algerian cease-fire must have caused new shudders of revulsion.

Is political " independence " for a majority worth all this travail? Again and again in our century the leaders of majorities have asserted their conviction that it is. The Algerian Muslim leaders, now busy forming their take-over administration, are different from most other nationalists in their hour of triumph only in this: they have apparently learned the hard lessons of patience, restraint and a degree of tolerance.

They are not unlike some of the Indian leaders in 1947, ready, now that their basic point had been conceded, to discover the grounds and

A human chain of sympathisers passes food to the Europeans in the Bab el Oued district of Algiers, after it had been completely cordoned off by troops and police

the motives for reconciliation with the outgoing imperialist Power, and with its dependents, who have no choice other than to stay under the new rule. They, too, are sick of bloodshed. They offer, in the Arab world, so replete with suspicions, resentments and heavily-chipped shoulders, an example of maturity which can encourage hopes that, if and when their own country finds stability, they will exert the influence and leadership that have been absent for so long. Meanwhile, however, they have their own grave crisis to face, if not to resolve—for resolution of so complex an issue is difficult, if not utterly impossible.

It is their crisis and it is France's. The Algerians cannot shrug it off and say that, because at this phase Frenchmen are busy murdering other Frenchmen, they have no responsibility. In any transfer of political authority, the succession State has a plain duty towards the minority, the citizens and dependents of the outgoing Power, to see that their lives, their property, their basic human rights, are protected. This protection is different from the maintenance of privilege, with which it is always confused. There are no privileges left to the population of Bab el Oued. But to deny them fundamental human rights is barbarous; and we live in an exceedingly barbarous age. To come to terms with the remaining *colons* (in the big cities especially) will not be easy.

Algeria needs Frenchmen with professional and middle-class skills—administrators, doctors, scientists and engineers—but does not need the " poor white " working-class people, most of whom are not even of French origin, in the Bab el Oued. Their plight, as a *Guardian* reporter on the spot was moved to say, is pitiable. Their jobs are bound to go, if they have not gone already; their lives are in danger. For all their cries of " *Algérie Française,*" they have no deep ties with France, and dread going there.

It is easy (from outside) to utter stern, priggish condemnation of the O.A.S. Its actions have a wanton vileness about them which dry up the wells of pity. But what few in England will make the imaginative effort to understand—most of the metropolitan French understand it very well—is the degree of emotional and spiritual provocation to which the leaders of the O.A.S. have been subjected. They believe with sombre and frantic passion, and with logical fervour, if with no moral justification, that President de Gaulle has betrayed them and has betrayed France. To anyone who still admires and trusts de Gaulle this is inconceivable. The leaders of the O.A.S., sad, deluded zealots, have their reasons of the heart. Perverse courage the O.A.S. may have shown; but it has at least been courage.

The situation in Algiers itself (and also, I believe, in Oran) had, by the middle of last week, all the elements of a nightmare of the most terrible kind. Though, of course, blame for the immediate bloodshed belongs to the O.A.S., who on the Friday after the cease-fire began by shooting down half a dozen or so young French conscripts, the very concept of blame had come to be almost meaningless. On Monday, March 26, soldiers in uniform—it was said that they were Muslims, but again that seems hardly to matter—fired into a demonstration in the Rue d'Isly, killed about fifty civilians and wounded 150 more.

Twenty-four hours later, though the wounded had been carried away, blood, clothes, broken glass, shoes, women's handbags had not been removed. The demonstration had been a protest against the French Army's siege of Bab el Oued; and the demonstrators had marched to the strains of the " Marseillaise." Twenty-four hours later Bab el Oued was just as effectively sealed off from the rest of the city as ever; and the authorities let it be known that they were preparing for so thorough a comb-out that they expected to be there far into this present week.

But outside the besieged area Army officers in uniform were mingling with the crowds on the pavement, in the shops and in the cafés, discussing their feelings of shock and horror at the slaughter in the Rue d'Isly; and many announced that they had resigned, or were about to resign, their commissions. By then General Jouhaud, arrested the day before, had been flown to the Santé Prison to await the swift trial which President de Gaulle had ordered; Commander Gillaume, a naval officer said to be in charge of all O.A.S. activities in Western Algeria, and Colonel de Sarrazin, a senior French staff officer in Nato Supreme H.Q., had also been arrested.

Do many of us in England give any serious thought—let alone any compassion—to the tangle of events by which men like General Jouhaud have been brought to this grim pass? We flatter ourselves that we manage these sad affairs so much more sensibly than the French; do we merely mean that we slur over the moral issues which are the consequences of the retreat from empire?

Just over a year ago I took in my brief-case, on an overnight journey from London to Nairobi, a copy of a novel called *Portrait of an Officer*, by Pierre-Henri Simon. As a lurid dawn swept up into the sky over the desert north of Khartoum, I began to read it. It is the story of a Regular French officer, of the old nobility, who resigns his commission after years of involvement in Indo-China and in Algeria.

At Khartoum, I remember, a very friendly airport official took the trouble to point out to me three large Ilyushins on the edge of the airfield, which were (he told me) in transit to Leopoldville; and he assured me of his country's dislike at having to give transit facilities of this kind. But my mind ran on my French officer, and his tragedy; they haunted me throughout my African trip, and they haunt me still.

At the beginning of the novel there is, instead of a dedication, an Arab proverb: " God alone sees the black ant on the black stone in the black night," meaning, I imagine, that full comprehension of the individual and the general tragedy of Algeria—and of France's transfer of colonial power—is possible only on a far higher plane than any of us can reach.

What were the motives that made, in that novel, one brave, intelligent and honourable officer withdraw completely? " I can," he said, " scarcely formulate them to myself. Friendship betrayed, stricken conscience, weariness of body and soul, a failure of courage beneath the weight of a too-crushing doubt, all these; and I don't know what else there may have been that was perhaps even more obsessive and more subtle; a sense of having been misled by the folly of the powerful and the quirks of fate into a tragic play that arose from no conflict of absolutes, and therefore could create neither heroism nor poetry, but only destruction and disaster from its confused absurdities. It is not easy to live Corneille in a century of Kafka. Instead of the granite integrity of truth and certainty, there was merely a ghastly muddle of lies and compromise . . ."

The tragedy is not merely French; although in its most acute and searing manifestations it is apt, at present, to affect France most intensely, it is also strictly relevant to our own country's crisis.

An athletic Duke of Edinburgh arrives at the Belgrano Athletic Club in Buenos Aires to meet members of the Anglo-Argentine Community. He received an extremely enthusiastic reception in Argentina, the last country of his South American tour, during which he covered 36,000 miles. He was due to visit Jamaica and British Honduras before returning to Britain on April 7

PRINCE PHILIP ON THE MOVE

b

Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy, considers an entry for the Summer Exhibition at a meeting of the Selection Committee at Burlington House

Work starts on the demolition of one of London's most familiar landmarks, the Shot Tower on the South Bank which was built in 1826. Waterloo Bridge is seen below

Craft of various types are afloat on the Grand Union Canal in London's Little Venice at Paddington ready for the opening of British Waterways' fifth annual display of pleasure craft, which can be seen by the public until April 8

A French parliamentary delegation talk to the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Hoare, at the Mansion House. The delegation were on a visit at the invitation of the British group of the Inter-Parliamentary Union

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

Princess Alexandra talks to Sir Leslie Phillips, Vice-Chairman of the Baltic Exchange, in London, shortly after arriving there with Princess Marina for a luncheon with the chairman and directors of the Exchange

THE SEVEN YEARS WAR. The Seven Years War (1756-63) cost a lot in blood and treasure, settled little or nothing in Europe, whatever it did in the New World, and exhausted all the combatants. The seven years war in Algeria exactly 200 years later was fully as expensive in human life and we are not yet in a position to judge what it settled in Europe or Africa. There was a period in between these two seven years wars when "civilisation" was deemed to have been attained among the minority of the world's population which "mattered," which entitled their historians to cry shame on the folly, waste and barbarities of that eighteenth-century seven years war. Today every nation "matters," and all claim to be civilised, but there is not enough veneer to go round, let alone substance. It is worth while reflecting on the "progress" of civilisation during the last two centuries. It certainly seemed to progress up to the first quarter of the twentieth century. Then it began to recede in some respects. If you consider the pickled cynicism with which we easily accept multiple murder pursued day after day, year after year, in Europe and Africa and elsewhere, and the inevitability with which civilised man has come to regard such occurrences since then, you may decide that the recession has been severe and that perhaps humanity had attained a higher state of civilisation in the eighteenth than it retains in the twentieth. Multiple murder is an everyday affair. We take things as they are. We mustn't upset ourselves over the little peccadilloes of politically-minded men. These are but growing-pains in the infancy of a new model of world civilisation. Murder is just "one of those things," part of our daily life. *These* surely are the dark ages for future historians to brand as barbarism.

"KING CHARLES'S HEAD." Some of the delay in the repairs necessary to No. 10, Downing Street may be excused by careful archæological researches under the site. Samian ware bowls, evidences of a mid-Saxon village settlement, and all kinds of domestic utensils dating from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth have been unearthed in plenty. The latest find is more speculative—the battered skull of a youngish man, killed probably by an axe about 300 years ago, contained in a stone receptacle. "It could be," some experts say, the head of Monmouth, alias Scott, alias Crofts, King Charles II's bastard, apprehended at Ringwood after Sedgemoor and done to death with a blunt axe on July 15, 1685. "It could be," I suppose; but much more research is needed. His remains in the Chapel of St. Peter were examined in Queen Victoria's reign but "no mention was made of the head."

The new striking view of London looking over Trafalgar Square towards the Thames which can be seen from the top of the 229-ft. New Zealand House in Haymarket. This building was erected on the site of the famous old Carlton Hotel and is expected to be in use before the end of the year. In the foreground is the roof of Canada House and in the centre, on the far side of the square, is South Africa House

That is *not* conclusive that the skull was absent. Macaulay specifically wrote: " The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's." Then, again, the famous portrait of Monmouth after death was obviously carefully " arranged." There is no more peaceful portrait in existence and the head in the picture, of course, shows no signs of its severance, nor of a cleft in the forehead. The portrait is clearly no evidence. I have read of no contemporary or later legend that the head was afterwards removed and separately buried " in the garden of his Whitehall lodging." Moreover, research should be able to confirm that the garden of Monmouth's former Whitehall lodging ran over the site of No. 10; and if it did, in whose ownership that garden was in 1685. The execution we know was badly bungled, but there was no mention of a cleft in the *forehead*. Still, it is a romantic theory; and it is not the first " King Charles's head " (or something of the sort) that has been brought up where British Cabinets have so long decided the fate of our race.

HONOUR BRIGHT. The present wintry spell may be over by June 19, when the eye of faith can envisage Glorious Ascot. St. James's Palace has sent out its timeous notice for Royal Enclosure aspirants with more faith than clarity:

Ladies' and gentlemen's badges will cost £10 each and badges for ladies and gentlemen of twenty-five years of age or under £5 each. Applicants must specify if they qualify for the cheaper badge as in no circumstances will any change be made once the vouchers are issued.

There is to be no scrutiny, even among those who, figuring in *Debrett's* or *Who's Who*, may be unable safely to conceal their real ages. All are put on their honour to tell the truth about their ages as on June 19, 1962; and those ladies who consider that " to have passed twenty-five is to have failed in life " (and consequently have stayed put at a quarter-century for several years) are bound in honour to pay up and look pleasant. They can afford the first and are well-equipped to achieve the second. *Noblesse oblige*, and may the best-trained horse and the best-dressed lady win. Ascot is assured of a galaxy of both. For, come bliss, come rue, come Socialists, come Liberals, there'll always be an England and a Royal Ascot till sceptre and crown come tumbling down. And that, in Britain, is worlds away.

POISONOUS WEEDS. The latest biographies of Sir Walter Raleigh tend to whitewash him. It is perhaps a pity that the medical report on tobacco-smoking and Lord Hailsham's severe endorsement of it were just not available to the biographers. The white-wash might have turned to pitch and labelled him the poisonous " arch-fiend." He did less harm with potatoes, though a time may come when potatoes also are found to be poisonous to health. But I don't think that the tobacco barons need despair and switch their factories to turning out children's toys. James I did his damnedest to kill the weed and perhaps he had Raleigh executed as a poisoner and not for high treason. But it did no good. The weed flourished. Other attempts followed. Calverley put paid to one of them in his famous ode to tobacco. I am all for preventing children from smoking, drinking and apeing their elders in promiscuity. But I have a hunch that adults will continue to cook their own goose with tobacco juice despite all warnings, if they like it that way; and I daresay the shrewd investor will now begin to snap up tobacco equities while the going is good for a capital gain.

" THE DROUGHTE OF MARCH." Chaucer's March weather was much like ours and he should prevent our complaints and groans when we suffer long weeks of icy drought which nip the peach buds and the early rhododendrons, and with bitter north-east gales bend and break even the daffodils before they open and break the hearts of gardeners. No doubt, the farmers have fewer complaints. They can get on with useful work, with more than a peck of March dust. But, every year, winter's last rearguard action fills me with surprise and disgust. Those " five-year diaries " are meant to be carefully studied and should give one the philosophy of things inevitable. But why must summer consist of " three fine days and a thunderstorm," while our year's ration of settled blue skies and sunshine are annually spoilt by bitter north-east winds? For 1958 and 1961 gave us precisely the same March ration of drought and bitter winds, and 1959 and 1960 were not much more comfortable. Such are the tell-tale records of my five-year diary, and no doubt it was just the same in 1362, and perhaps even worse than in 1909 which was worse than 1962.

THE OLD STAGER

In the left-hand room are Michael (Karen Dotrice), Lavrenti Vachnadze (James Bree), Jussup's mother (Gwen Nelson) and Grusche (Patsy Byrne) and in the right-hand room, the Wedding Guests (Edith Macarthur, Susan Engel, James Mellor and, kneeling, William Wallis)

Jussup (Peter Madden) in the tub, his mother and Grusche

ENTERTAINMENT

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE

At the Aldwych Theatre *Photographs by Reg Wilson*

Brecht's little-performed epic allegory, finished in 1945, eleven years before his death, joined the repertory of The Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company last week. It has more than ninety parts, and even with doubling, more than thirty players are needed. This political allegory is receiving its first professional London production in English. It was last seen in 1956, performed in German in London by the Berliner Ensemble, Brecht's own theatre company. The story, based on a Chinese legend, tells of the wanderings of Grusche, a servant girl, who during a revolution, rescues a child abandoned by its aristocratic parents.

The children, played by Carol Prince, Michael Stephens, Karen Dotrice and Barry Stockwell, are watched by Grusche

Azdak (Hugh Griffith) and Schauwa (Declan Mulholland). Left are the Story Teller (Michael Flanders) and the three Troopers (Derek Newark, Sebastian Breaks and Eric Flynn)

Natella Abashwili (Patience Collier)

Architects (Russell Hunter and Shaun Curry) and the Story Teller. **Right:** Grusche with Wedding Guests (William Wallis, Declan Mulholland, James Mellor and Peter Gill)

Grusche confronts the Lance-Corporal (Gordon Gostelow) and a Trooper (Sebastian Breaks), while the Farmer's Wife (Mavis Edwards) bows. **Right:** The delegates from the "Galinsk" goat-farm collective and the "Rosa Luxembourg" fruit-farm collective. Left background is Makina Abakidze (Gwen Nelson), and foreground centre, Jura (Cherry Morris)

The Voice of the Commonwealth

A NEW CENTRE IN LONDON

Recently restored murals showing the battle of Ramillies on one of the staircases

The exterior of the house, which was designed by Wren, seen from The Mall

One of London's historic houses, Marlborough House, has been renovated, modernised and refurnished by the Ministry of Works to provide a Commonwealth Centre. It was made available for this purpose by the Queen in 1959 and was formally handed over by Her Majesty last week to the Commonwealth Relations office. Later, the Queen was shown round by Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary.

Marlborough House was built between 1709 and 1711 by Sir Christopher Wren for the first Duke of Marlborough, although the latter's Duchess, Sarah, was the driving force behind its construction. The Dukes of Marlborough lived in the house until the early nineteenth century, since when it has provided a home for various royal personages, including Prince Leopold (later King of the Belgians), the Dowager Queen Adelaide, and Edward VII (when he was Prince of Wales). The last occupant was Queen Mary, who died there in 1953.

As a Commonwealth Centre, Marlborough House will house the Commonwealth Conferences for which Lancaster House has had to be used in the past; Lancaster House will thus be free for other Government uses. When not in use the main rooms will be open to the public. Three of the principal rooms on the ground floor have been prepared to cater for meetings of thirty to 100 people. The main conference room has sets of six chairs provided by twelve Commonwealth countries.

Adjoining this room is the small conference room, where in the last century the Prince of Wales held gay post-Ascot dinner-parties. This room, as well as providing conference accommodation, can be used as a dining-room for seventy persons with service from kitchens immediately below in the basement. In the next room there is a buffet. On the other side of the main conference room is the chairman's committee room, which will be used for small meetings. On the

The large conference room showing the great oval table. **Right:** The chairman's committee room

At the new Commonwealth Centre Commonwealth High Commissioners and their wives are introduced to the Queen by Mr. Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary

first and second floors there are eighteen large working rooms for Prime Ministers and their accompanying delegations and staffs. In the basement there is a complete television studio. The building also houses the Commonwealth Economic Committee, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, the Commonwealth Education Liaison Unit and a Press centre. The cost of the conversion was £235,000; the original estimate was £250,000. A further £95,000 was spent on furnishings and fittings.

The small conference room which can be used as a dining-room. **Left:** One of the special rooms for Prime Ministers

BASIC PAPER CHAIN

The apparent islands in the middle of the River Gatineau, in Quebec Province, Canada, are, in fact, vast conglomerations of logs being floated down to the mills. The spring is the season when, after the thaw, millions of logs are despatched down the rivers of Canada to be sawn or pulped. Wherever possible the mills are situated by the side of a lake or a river. The forests of Canada cover more than 1,500,000 square miles, very nearly a third of the total area of the country. They represent Canada's greatest breadwinner, providing employment for 350,000 people and producing annually some 11,000,000 tons of wood pulp. Newsprint is by far the biggest Canadian export, in some years totalling almost twice the value of the wheat exports. Probably half the free world's newspapers are printed on Canadian newsprint, and few papers could expand in size or increase in circulation without the basic product from the ever-growing Canadian timber industry. Pulp can be treated in various ways to produce different grades of paper and board. Altogether, more than 800 varieties are made in Canada, for almost every conceivable use from wrapping paper and ice-cream cartons to wallpaper. Vast progress has been made since the first century A.D. when, it is believed, paper was first produced by a Chinese minister, Ts'ai Lun. He is reputed to have ground wood chips, tow and old linen with a pestle and mortar

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

BACK TO GALWAY

Some fifteen years ago I spent two days in Galway. I did not want to spend two days in Galway. I was going to walk from Galway to Cashel (the Mayo one) and then up through Connemara and the Murrisk country to Westport. This did not go just as planned, because as I came into Galway it began to rain and the next two days were, I should guess, the wettest in the history of Ireland, which, if you know the west coast of Ireland, is saying quite a lot. I had only a small rucksack, no complete change of clothes, and very little money, so I had to spend those two days in a cheap hotel and, therefore, saw little of Galway City. What I did see, I did not like.

From that first visit, only two things have stuck in my mind: the shabbiness of the town and the volubility of its people. Everybody talked and talked incessantly. One's first impression was that something tremendously exciting had just happened and that the whole population was really worked up about it. In fact, nothing had happened. By the end of the two days I had come to the conclusion that you just had to talk or go mad.

I was very glad to get out of Galway and into the countryside, and so into barren but beautiful Connemara; whose beauty, by the way, depends entirely upon colour. Connemara without the sunlight, on a grey day with the clouds low and unbroken, is as depressing as a factory site in a fog. (I was fortunate in experiencing only one such day, and that one I remember well, for I walked all day and met only one man: and he ran a good quarter of a mile over rough ground to intercept me—just for a talk.) But all the other days were showery and, between the showers, bright sunshine. It is in such weather that you receive the unique beauty of Connemara. There are other parts of Ireland with mountains and moors and lakes and rushing streams. Wales and Scotland can boast higher mountains and broader moors and, so I think, infinitely more beautiful scenery. But nowhere else in Ireland, nowhere in Wales or Scotland, is there colour to compare with Connemara.

There is something in the atmosphere of Connemara, perhaps the constant, almost momentary, variation in the degree of moisture, which seems to shatter the light into a kaleidoscope of brilliant fragments. You become almost blinded by brilliance. Yet none of the colours are bright. Grey-blues, black-purples, peat-browns: these are the colours of Connemara. Translate them into words, and you have drabness. See them, on a day of alternate sunshine and cloud, and the eye is dazzled.

It is all very deceptive. That is just what Galway is—indeed, all Ireland, save, perhaps, for a small corner around Belfast. Having paid another visit to Galway, I know now I was wrong, at least about its people. They talk incessantly: that is true enough. But they talk, not to defeat boredom, not to fend off madness, but from sheer friendliness; and it is very difficult to tear yourself away from another friendly person. Galway is, surely, the most gossipy town in the British Isles: even more so than Dublin, famous as the Capital of Chat.

The way home along a rough road in Connemara, in County Galway

But for the rest? Galway is not as shabby as I remembered. Maybe it never was: maybe I was over-depressed by the deluge and that hotel. There have been improvements. All the same, an awful lot of it needs a coat of paint and much of the rest is grim and grey. It is a town without plan—a jumble of streets and lanes and watercourses and grassy quays. You sometimes see masts where no boats ought to be and sometimes you come across lines of washing in the most improbable places. Irish women, at least in the far west, do not, it would seem, wear the same sort of underclothes as English women. Only Eyre Square has symmetry and, architecturally, it is dull and austere. University College, as a building, could not inspire anyone. The fourteenth-century, much altered, church of St. Nicholas, where Columbus is said to have worshipped before he set sail on that great voyage, has a good west doorway and an interior of chilling severity. A few houses show some Spanish influence. There are shops and cinemas and factories, a vast number of pubs (over 100, I believe), a good hotel or two, and Lydon's, where you can get the best tea in Europe and listen to talk, and more talk. If this sounds like any other small provincial town (the population is only about 20,000) in the British Isles, then I have misled you.

Galway means "foreign place." It was founded by the Normans, which is why it got the name. It is still a foreign place. I have heard Irishmen maintain that it is the most foreign place in Ireland: and, by that, they do not mean that it is English or Welsh or Scottish, or even Spanish or French, but that it is more Irish than Ireland. I do not know Ireland all that well, but this, I am sure, is true. Dublin is in Ireland: but Dublin is an international city, not specifically Irish. Cork is in Ireland, and always seems to me to be much more Irish than Dublin: but Cork, except perhaps for the accent—but then, have not Burnley and Bristol, Newcastle and Nottingham their own parochial speech?—could be a large provincial town almost anywhere in the British Isles. Galway is Irish, and could be nowhere else.

This is the capital of the Gaeltacht. But it is much more than that. Galway is, so to speak, the capital of "native" Ireland. This is not a matter of appearance nor of language, but of atmosphere. I think that, maybe, a clue to it is to be found in a statue in Eyre Square. It is the statue of a stocky little man sitting on a dry-stone wall, his thumb in the lapel of his homespun coat, his hat pushed well back on his head. He is gazing into space, and there are wild creatures at his feet. It is not the statue of a politician nor of a great soldier nor of a nobleman. It is the statue of Padraic O'Conaire, poet and scholar, wayward genius. The United States and Ireland have the distinction of being our most outstanding failures in history. If you are in Galway and care to spend a little time studying that charming statue, you begin to realise why it was so with Ireland.

OXFORD: N. D. Tinne (Eton and Keble), bow; D. D. S. Skailes (Eton and Keble), 2; J. Y. Scarlett (Eton and Christ Church), 3; R. A. Morton-Maskell (Bryanston and Keble), 4; J. C. D. Sherratt (St. Edward's and St. Edmund Hall), 5; T. W. Tennant (Eton and New College), 6; P. C. D. Burnell (Eton and Magdalen), 7; C. M. Davis (Eton and Lincoln) stroke; C. M. Strong (Shrewsbury and Keble), cox. Sherratt and Davis are Old Blues

Three generations of Oxford oarsmen photographed by the Tideway at Putney: C. D. Burnell (1895,'96, '97); R. D. Burnell (1939) and P. C. D. Burnell (this year). The grandfather and father also won Olympic Gold medals

April 7 at 3.45 p.m.

THE BOAT RACE

When the Oxford and Cambridge crews arrived on the Tideway in London for the last three weeks of their training before the Boat Race, Cambridge were generally regarded as the favourites. However Oxford drew the main attention because they had brought with them their Italian boat in which they had been practising upstream. The eight was modelled on craft which have been highly successful in Continental regattas. What Group-Captain Edwards, the Oxford Coach, had to assess was its potentialities on tidal waters. After one day of tests he decided against using it and Oxford will row in the boat in which they won the race two years ago. The Dark Blues have also discarded the " spade " oars, which hampered them last year, and are using orthodox blades.

In the first ten days of practice Cambridge returned some fast times, notably on their full courses and on a Bridge-to-Bridge row. On the last they broke the record by 11 secs. Oxford's progress was interrupted for two days because of the demands of the Examination Schools on Scarlett, their No. 3. Once they were together again they showed impressive form in rough water and a remarkable ability to control their rate of striking. As the crews entered the final days of training it seemed that the deciding factor in this year's race might, more than usually, be the weather.

CAMBRIDGE: R. G. Nicholson (Shrewsbury and St. Catharine's), bow; C. J. T. Davey (Eton and Jesus), 2; R. A. Napier (Winchester and Lady Margaret), 3; A. J. Collier (U.C.S. and Lady Margaret), 4; J. M. S. Lecky (University of British Columbia and Jesus), 5; H. B. Budd (1st and 3rd Trinity), 6; J. N. Tollemache (Eton and 1st and 3rd Trinity), 7; Lord Chewton (Eton and 1st and 3rd Trinity), stroke; R. Walmsley (Fettes and Queens'), cox. Nicholson and Collier are Old Blues

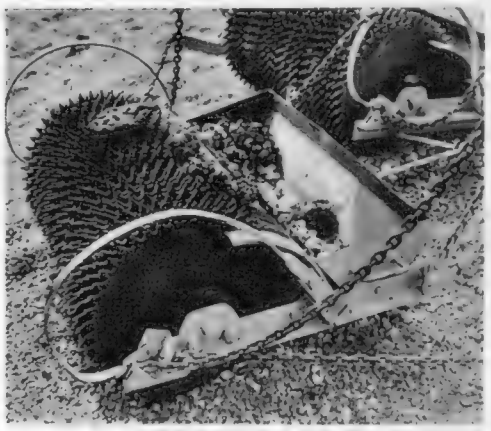
BY RAIL AND SEA

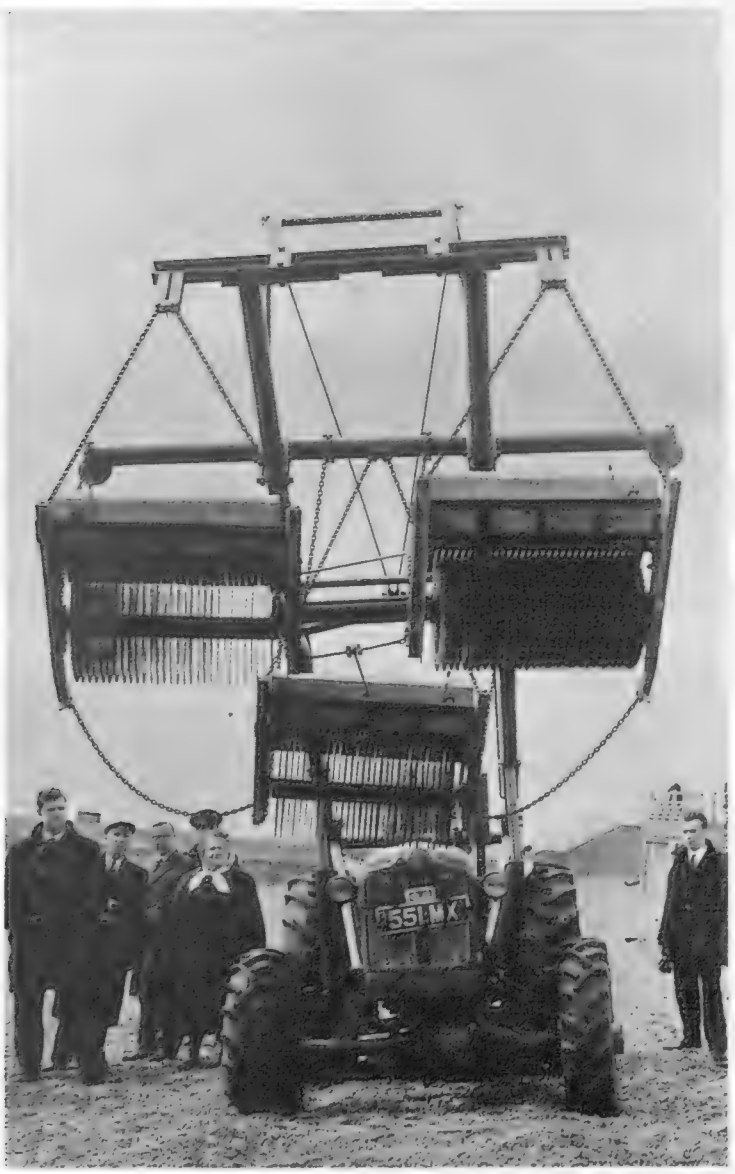
In opening the new railway station at Plymouth, Dr. Beeching said he thought it was attractive and elegant, was suited to its purpose and had been built "reasonably economically." He hoped the whole range of buildings, dominated by the ten-storey office block, would become a central feature in the new Plymouth. The Chairman of the British Transport Commission was in the city on the day of the announcement of the increase in rail fares. His speech at a dinner of the Chamber of Trade and Commerce in Plymouth was therefore heard with special attention. Dr. Beeching thought the increases "modest." "Rail fares," he declared, "have not been keeping pace with other increases over the years. They always tend to lag behind."

Whether a holidaymaker travels by rail or by road to the British coast, he will find in some parts the beaches are afflicted with oil pollution, often in the form of lumps of tar. With a view to combating this pestilence, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research gave a demonstration of a new type of beach-cleaning apparatus at Brighton last week. Crude oil was spread about the shore which, according to Brighton's Mayor, is not usually polluted in this manner, and an ingenious device of toothed rollers mounted on a tractor went into action to clean up the affected shingle.

Oil is laid on the beach at Brighton for a demonstration by beach-cleaning apparatus. **Right:** A toothed roller of the apparatus in action on the shore

Dr. Beeching, Chairman of the British Transport Commission, cuts the tape at the opening ceremony of the new station at Plymouth, in Devon





The toothed rollers are mounted on a shaft and carried by a tractor **Right:** They are lowered to clean up the crude oil and tar

A general view of the new station at Plymouth. It is dominated by a ten-storey office block and has cost over £1,000,000 to build

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

The first season of gastronomic weekends held at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, was concluded with a Jura weekend. The chef and patron of the Hotel Ripotot, Champagnole, were the visitors who provided the specialities featured on the menus, and the complete *Diner de Gala* which was held on the Saturday. As an innovation this was preceded by a tasting of Jura wines from the house of Henri Maire of Arbois. Ten wines were shown, including some of the better-known and some of the famous specialities of the region. All Jura wines have a slight, characteristic "*gout de terroir*," which makes them delightfully different. It would be foolish to compare them with the more important wine regions of Burgundy or Bordeaux, they have no such pretensions, but they certainly have a definite place of their own. Among the table wines I particularly like the very light Blanc de Blanc, Côtes de Jura, the Cendré de Novembre, Grand Vin Gris, the Françoise de Montfort (rosé) and the Frédéric Barberousse (red). Château-Chalon, Grand Vin Jaune, which is a great speciality of the Jura, rather resembles an unfortified dry sherry, and I like it best, chilled as an aperitif. It is quite a lot more expensive than an equivalent sherry unfortunately. Vin de Paille, which is made of grapes sun-dried on beds of straw, is a rich dessert wine, and Vin Fou is a pleasant sparkling wine bottled at the peak of its first fermentation which it completes in the bottle.

Co-operation this time was not only effected between the kitchens of the Imperial and the visiting chef, but was three-cornered, including the shippers of Jura wines as well. Thus Jura wines were used exclusively in the cooking of the specialities, and were also drunk with the various meals with the exception of two from Burgundy, a Gevrey Chambertin 1955 with the main course of the Dinner of Welcome on Friday, and a Chambolle Musigny 1952 at the dinner on Sunday. The *Diner de Gala* was accompanied entirely with Jura wines: with *La Terrine du Chef*, Françoise de Montfort Rosé, 1959, was served; with *La Timbale de Morilles à la Crème et au Château-Chalon*, it was essential to drink Château-Chalon; Jura Rouge, 1957, went very well with *La Poularde Demi-Deuil* and the cheese, and Vin de Paille was the natural companion to *Le Soufflé aux Liqueurs*.

Most sherries sold in this country are imported in cask and bottled here. When the final blend is prepared for shipping in Spain, the wines are usually given a further fortification, which brings the alcoholic strength to a minimum of 35 to 37 deg. Sykes, whereas the same wines would be sold in Spain for local consumption at their natural strength of about 30 degs. This final fortification is carried out by the addition of a half-and-half mixture of alcohol and mature sherry (*mitad y mitad*). It is a very old tradition which goes back to the times when it was necessary to do it in order to preserve the wine, which might have gone bad, i.e., turned to vinegar without it. With modern vinification methods this consideration does not arise any more, but shippers and merchants in this country still expect sherry to have the higher alcoholic strength.

The disadvantage of this fortification is that it can destroy some of the delicacy of bouquet and flavour, especially in the case of a fino. This is why often a fino sherry is not quite up to the same standard in this respect as one remembers of similar sherry drunk in Spain. I have been given a demonstration here in London of this by the shippers of "R. T. Fino," which is shipped in bottle from the bodegas of Marques del Real Tesauro, Jerez, at its natural strength. They also import the same sherry in cask for bottling over here, and this is fortified. Tasting the two side by side, the difference was very pronounced. The Spanish bottled, unfortified sherry had a superb, fragrant bouquet and taste, much of which was missing in the London-bottled, fortified version.

One of the characteristics of sherry which makes it a popular drink in Britain is that it keeps almost indefinitely, and for quite a long time even after the bottle has been opened. This quality has been attributed to the relatively high alcoholic strength, and so I was curious to know about the keeping qualities of R. T. Fino. The shippers tell me that before putting it on the British market, they have subjected it to exhaustive tests, both in corked and opened bottles, and no appreciable difference was found. For anyone who has tasted and liked a good fino sherry in Spain, I can thoroughly recommend this wine. Château or domaine bottled is not a term usually met in connection with sherry, but the description in this case has a similar, if not identical value. Therefore I would say that the retail price of about £1 a bottle is very reasonable. As it was only introduced recently in this country, it may not be very easy to find, but I know that it is stocked by Harrods, Fortnum and Mason and Dolamore Limited, among others.

TRAVEL

WHERE TAXIS ARE CHEAPEST

The first of two articles about the many attractions of the land of Mexico

By **GORDON COOPER**

Chateaubriand has said that we carry within us a world made up of all we have seen or loved. That is particularly true of a journey to Mexico, perhaps one of the most enchanting countries in the world. But while it took Hernán Cortes a year to reach what is today Mexico City and then only from the coast, I flew there by Sabena Airlines (in champagne comfort) in about twelve flying hours from London. Our routes took us by way of Montreal, which has surely the dullest airport in the world. Incidentally, on both trans-Atlantic flights I never once glimpsed the ocean: mainly due to the snow-white clouds below, but possibly also to the constant flow of drinks, gastronomic meals and snacks which followed in rapid succession.

Arrival in Mexico Airport found me without my visa cards, retrieved, however, later from the plane, but only after I had to pay 35 pesos (£1) for a fresh tourist's visa. The drive to my hotel seemed endless, yet the charge was amazingly inexpensive. Taxis are by far the world's cheapest, the flag falling for one peso (7d.), and as there are 13,000 taxis it is rarely difficult to travel around at a modest cost.

There are many tourist attractions in Mexico City, including the main square, the Zócalo, with the imposing cathedral of the Assumption on the north side. It is supposed to have been built not only on the site of the Great Teocalli, dedicated to the war god Huitzilopóchtli, but also with part of the materials of the temple. Adjacent to the cathedral is a separate church, the Sagrarium, which is remarkable for its Churriqueresque decoration. Behind the cathedral is the Religious Museum, with important art treasures, while nearby are some Aztec ruins.

Elsewhere in the Zócalo, a truly imposing square, there are the Municipal Palace, the Monte de Piedad (which was built by Cortes on the site of an ancient Aztec palace and is now the government pawnshop), and the National Palace (built on the foundations of Montezuma's palace), the home of Cortes for eight years. Today its main appeal lies in its very interesting murals of the history of the country by Diego Rivera. In a curious representation of Cortes, the arrogant conqueror is represented, physically, as a mis-shapen ape. Apparently the usual conceptions of the conquistador are merely a historical fraud; for he was a hunchback, only 5 ft. in height, had tiny feet and hands, a deformed breast-bone and a tumour on the left side of his forehead. Also to be seen in Mexico City are the frescoes by Diego Rivera in the Del Prado Hotel (main lobby, with explanatory lectures at certain times) and in the Ministry of Education.

Close to the National Palace is the National Museum, the richest archæological museum in America. Among its outstanding exhibits are a famous sacrificial stone, the Aztec "Calendar Stone," the rather horrific goddess Coatlicue ("She of the Serpent Skirts"), and the interior of the Secret Chamber from Palenque. But there is such a wealth of interest in this museum that return visits are rewarding to those interested in the various important civilisations of the country.

There are many other attractions in this great modern city, whose population now exceeds 5,000,000. With luck, you may see the great snow-capped volcanoes of Popocatépetl (17,600 ft.) and Ixtaccíhuatl (17,200 ft.). There are the imposing broad, tree-lined thoroughfares. The Paseo de la Reforma (three miles long) is comparable to the Champs Elysées in Paris, while the twenty-eight-mile-long Insurgentes has at its southern terminal the vast University City (70,000 students), which was founded in 1551 but is now a spectacular modernistic conglomeration of buildings; its most exciting features being the twelve-storey library, the four exterior walls of which are covered with a mosaic mural by Juan O'Gorman, and the huge swimming-pool, surely the finest in the world.

In the centre of the city there is the handsome Alameda, a park where during the Inquisition heretics were burned at the stake. Nearby is the Palace of Fine Arts, where twice weekly performances are given by the superb Mexican Folklore Ballet—as fascinating a spectacle as any I have seen. Across the road, there is the Latin-American skyscraper, on whose forty-first floor there is a good restaurant and a bar whence you get a marvellous panoramic view of the city, especially after dark. There are many night-clubs and cabarets, some of which are included in travel agents' "Night Life Tours," while there are nightly performances at the Fronton of the Spanish ball-game of Jai-Alai, popular with betting fans.

Close to the city is Chapultepec Park, as lovely a park as any in the world, with its forest of great trees, while on a hill-summit there is the Castle, now a Museum of History, but chiefly appealing for its rooms used by the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta during their brief reign. The Floating Gardens of Xochimilco,

The coast road leading to one of the most fashionable of seaside resorts in Mexico—Acapulco, with its modernistic hotels

The twelve-storey library in Mexico City's University has its walls covered with a colourful mosaic mural designed by Juan O'Gorman

with their flower-decorated boats, and the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico, and a scene of religious fervour—one of the most "Mexican" of Mexican sights—are further short excursions from the capital.

Other attractions for tourists are Sunday Charreadas (colourful rodeos) and bull-fights; there are two main bullrings, one of them—the Plaza de Mexico—is the largest in the world, and contests are held every Sunday throughout the year.

As the Federal capital stands at an altitude of 7,500 ft. tourists with weakish hearts should be careful. I found that for a couple of nights I could not sleep. The climate, however, is healthy and cool, and at its best from November to May, when it is virtually rainless. Should you seek a less exhausting atmosphere, then you will find it at the easily reached holiday resort of Cuernavaca (fifty miles), which is 2,000 ft. lower than Mexico City and has a climate of eternal spring. This attractive town was popular, too, with the Aztecs.

SOME PRACTICAL INFORMATION

To visit Mexico you require a visa (obtainable from the Mexican Embassy) and a certificate of vaccination. The return air fares (Sabena) from London to Mexico City are £402 (first class), £223 (tourist class). Recommended hotels in Mexico are the Maria Isabel (most luxurious), El Presidente (first class), Cortes (a former colonial palace), and the Metropol (moderate prices and excellent). For further information, apply to the Department of Tourism, 35 Paseo Reforma, Mexico 1, D.F.

BOOKS

ABOUT THOMAS HARDY

A new memoir of the novelist; other literary reflections; Barbara Goolden's new novel heads this week's fiction

Thomas Hardy was an old man when he died, his ashes buried in Westminster Abbey and his heart in the Dorset he had loved so long. His life had spanned all but eight years of Queen Victoria's reign, her son's and most of her grandson's. It was the life of a poet, a novelist and a man of letters and it was also, right to the end, the life of a countryman. Now we can read about it from the best of all sources: his own diaries, notebooks and letters, as well as the memories of conversations over the years with his second wife, Mrs. Florence Emily Hardy. THE LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY: 1840-1928 (Macmillan. 30s.) is an invaluable memoir to those who now and in succeeding generations wish to study this most English of poets, and to give him his rightful place in our literary heritage.

REFLECTIONS OF A JACOBITE (Gollancz. 16s.) is a series of essays on the novel and on novelists by Mr. Louis Auchincloss, and his very individual wit is evident from the choice of the title itself, as he explains that: "I have called myself a Jacobite because so much of my lifetime's reading has been over the shoulder of Henry James." It is, indeed, on the subject of Henry James that Mr. Auchincloss has written some of his best pages; lucid, analytical and full of that quality which informs so much of his own work: superb good sense. I know that I shall return to this all-too-short book many times, just as I shall return, at the author's bidding, to the books of Edith Wharton, of Meredith, of Thackeray and of James himself.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is announced as an Easter book for 1962 and it recalls the first of those quarterlies of the same title which, first appearing in 1940, were founded by a group of six schoolboys to "interpret the Christian order in the light of current affairs, philosophy, literature and the arts." In the present collection of fiction, of literary study, of illustrations and of poetry there is one section of juvenilia which the editor, Mr. Neville Braybrooke, has chosen for our delight. Here we may find Mr. William Sansom, at the age of ten, writing a sensational short story; John Betjeman, thirteen, exploring the rhymes for "summer"; Angus Wilson, sixteen, on the theme of Kensington and Master Andrew Young, five, with a truly splendid little poem on Bannockburn.

I don't suppose that Miss Barbara Goolden would greatly appreciate it (and why should she?) if one said that a campaign should be mounted to get her greater recognition as the distinguished novelist that she is. Miss Goolden already has a comfortable degree of that recognition; my point would only be to make it wider, more general and more articulate. For the author of such novels as her latest, THE PEBBLE IN THE POND (Heinemann. 16s.), writes very well indeed. Here is subtlety, a brilliant spareness of expression and a tenderness that is never in the slightest danger of splashing over into sentiment. The story in question deals with a broken marriage and the possibilities of its repair, and from that sadly familiar beginning Miss Goolden has gone on to write a wonderful little book of human perception.

SIOBHAN McKENNA, the celebrated Irish actress, stars with the young American actor, Alex Viespi, in Doris Lessing's *Play with a Tiger*, at the Comedy Theatre

A SENSE OF LOSS (Hutchinson. 13s. 6d) is a sad though far from morbid story enclosed, as it were, between the brackets of a young woman's going into hospital with an incurable illness and her death there, comforted by the presence of the man who has been her lover for ten years. Miss Norah C. James writes with great sensibility and she has achieved unusual objectivity in this "flash-back" story of a woman's love and its enduring, resilient, unquenchable nature.

Mr. Lance Thirkell, the youngest son of a novelist mother, has written his first novel. It has the serio-comic theme of a weak young man, his marriage and his record of failures, whether in the matter of business or seduction. A GARDEN FULL OF WEEDS (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.) is funny, inventive, observant and even tender. It is also well written.

THE TENTH YEAR OF THE SHIP (Collins. 16s.) is a cleverly astringent novel, by Mr. Norman Lewis, about a remote and happily fictive island in the Canaries group, feudally held and feudally ruled, but beginning, nevertheless, to let in a little of the air of progress through the cracks in its *régime*. Mr. Lewis has a vigorous and refreshing simplicity of style and a respect for the technique of good story-telling.

Mr. Christopher Isherwood's new novel, DOWN THERE ON A VISIT (Methuen. 21s.),

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THE IMAGE MAKERS

A Chicago Professor Looks at the Modern World

Daniel J. Boorstin, Professor of American History at the University of Chicago, has reached a firm conclusion about his fellow Americans (and we are included in the indictment too). The conclusion is that modern technologically-developed society is in a hopeless rut; that people no longer know how to distinguish what they believe from what they are told, what they admire and respect from what they know to be well known. Modern newsmaking and advertising have played a major part, says the Professor, in bringing us to this sorry state. The language of images is everywhere, displacing the language of ideals. If the right image will make a president, sell an automobile, a religion, or a toothpaste, then perhaps it will make America and her way of life a saleable commodity all over the earth, and from that the good professor would clearly have us spared. THE IMAGE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.) is a deeply intelligent book, asking each and every one of us to penetrate the unknown jungle of images in which we live our daily lives, or rather do our daily sleepwalking.

We do not have to look very far to see this image-making technique in action. For instance, are we on the way to a Kennedy cult both in America and Europe? A spate of books in praise of the young Democratic President is pouring from the presses like Napoleonic literature. Typical of them is Bruce Lee's PRESIDENT KENNEDY (Blandford Press. 16s.). This is the real log cabin to White House line of approach; with just that little difference that the Kennedy log cabin was an elegant Boston home, and the gangling young Lincoln of the frontier is matched by John Kennedy who has had to fight his way despite handicaps of religion and wealthy environment. Bruce Lee's biography is painfully naive, and it is eulogistic to a marked degree, but despite all this the character of the youthful President shines through, and before the last page this enthusiastic biographer has us "rooting" for Jack Kennedy like fans at a baseball game. It seems we have no option but to praise the new leader of 180,000,000 Americans. The President surely does combine so many qualities, not least a strong sense of history as he and his wife showed in their recent television broadcast about the White House.

And now let us turn for a moment from the North American way of life to the North American scene. To understand the United States and her Canadian neighbour it is necessary to realise the vastness of this great continent, its widely diverse character, its sectionalism, its climatic changes from the deserts of the southwest and the bayous of Louisiana to the frozen tundra of Alaska and the far north. Ivan Sanderson's THE NATURAL WONDERS OF NORTH AMERICA (Hamish Hamilton. 4 guineas) presents a magnificent panorama with over 270 illustrations, 125 of them in colour. Many distinguished photographers have contributed to this symposium, reflecting the wonder and the grandeur of a civilisation which, despite the Press and all the image-makers, remains largely unknown to so many of us on this side of the Atlantic.

It had to come. THE CAT-LOVERS WEEK-END BOOK (Seeley Service. 18s.) has been compiled by Kathleen Williams and Sidney Denham, from prose and poetry dwelling on a multitude of aspects of the catty kingdom. There is one delightful chapter on cat-life in Andalusia, and what a free and easy time they have there basking on the banks of the great river and waiting for titbits to fall from the windows of the houses immediately above. For shelter the cats have little caves, and each colony of cats appears to be ruled by one large and dominating, marmalade coloured, Andalusian tom.

Frank Pennink's THE GOLFER'S COMPANION (Cassell. 18s.) gives details of some of the major golf courses of Britain, how to get there, the nature of each course, conditions of play, fees and general facilities. Every golfer sometimes likes to explore new territory, and to this end there could be no more admirable guide.

Richard Edmonds

has been composed in four parts of such separate mood that they could almost be called four novels. The writer's intention has been to show four stages of a character's development through the episodes he relates, the character being Christopher, admirably drawn, for extra identification, by Mr. Don Bachardy, at two of the ages of "now" and "then" with which the story is concerned. As a novel this book lacks coherent form, but as entertainment of a most adult and rewarding kind it should be difficult to over-praise it.

A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) introduces a new talent and a new name. Mr. Reynolds Price has achieved, in his first novel, that exquisite simplicity which certainly has a sound base of technical accomplishment but which, from the reader's point of view, has the naturalness and spontaneity of spring water, cool and fresh. The setting for the story is the unpromising one of the flat tobacco country of North Carolina, but, brilliantly described as it is, that is not of the first importance. What does seize and hold the attention is the growth and flowering of one woman's character; one nature coming to a wonderful maturity. There is something haunting, but pleasantly so, in this book of Mr. Price's.

THE SMALL ROOM (Gollancz. 18s.), by Miss May Sarton, persuades me without the slightest difficulty that neither in this life as a member of the faculty nor in another incarnation as a member of the student body could I last two minutes in the rarified air of an American women's college. And this novel is a relatively mild recital of the stresses and strains; mild and definitely intelligent. But, boy, would I be absent when they called *that* roll !

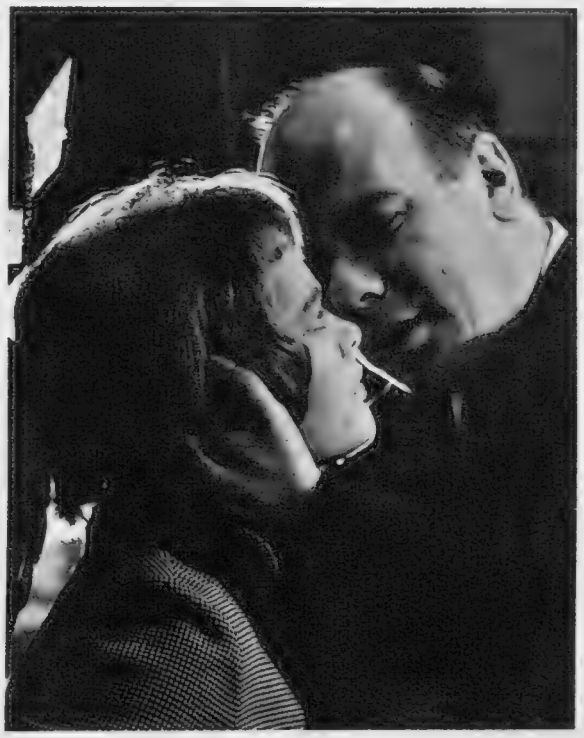
ALL THE SUMMER DAYS (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.) is really a brave novel, when one comes to reflect upon it, because Mr. Ned Calmer has written about the Paris that Americans knew in the '20's, and that is a very, very difficult thing to do; only possible, against the competition of such types as Hemingway, if you write from personal experience. This, Mr. Calmer is able to do, and with a splendid approximation of total recall, so that his story has real bite and authenticity and, charmingly, a proper nostalgia. Paris is a second home to this New York writer, and he and Paris, in the most affectionate sense of the phrase, deserve each other.

A GAY AND MELANCHOLY SOUND (Heinemann. 21s.) is an immense—and immensely readable—novel by Mr. Merle Miller: a retrospective look at life by a man who has begun it as a child prodigy and is now about to end it with only two assets in hand—a will to suicide and a tape recorder. On this last he tells the intimate story of his life, the *diminuendo* of his successes and the final, total disillusionment. Oddly, since the hero records this in the shadow of death, the overwhelming impression is one of vitality. Of humour, too, and a sardonic originality of thought. This is quite a novel.

And, finally, two thrillers and/or novels of suspense. THE UNQUIET SLEEP (Cassell. 15s.), by Mr. William Haggard, is one to cherish and to remember. One of these days it will probably have the same collectors' value as an early Jonathan Latimer, though the scene is not America but England, and a very Whitehall England at that. In a word, recommended. CLASH BY NIGHT (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.) is by Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke. It tells the story of a group of convicted men on their way to prison, hijacked by an even more desperate lot of men and locked up in a barn with the threat of being burned to death. Savage, exciting and sensational.

Vernon Fane

Dr. Woolley (Fabia Drake) telephones oblivious of David (Brian Bedford) in the next room



Julie (Judith Stott) and Charles (Kenneth J. Warren)

WRITE ME A MURDER

at the Lyric Theatre

The latest of the batch of thrillers to arrive in the West End is the work of Frederick Knott, who wrote *Dial M for Murder*. As might be expected it has a complicated and ingenious plot in which nothing goes quite as expected and which provides for the audience a succession of surprises. The setting is an ancient baronial manor, which, on the death of the father, is sold by one son to the resentment of the younger son. The latter falls for the wife of the tycoon who has bought the manor. The two of them have a professional interest in detective stories and are soon concocting ingenious schemes for a perfect murder. The play revolves round the problem of who is to be the victim. Brian Bedford plays the younger son, James Villiers the elder son, Judith Stott the tycoon's wife, Kenneth J. Warren the tycoon, and Fabia Drake the family doctor.

In the old mansion which is rapidly decaying are David, Julie and Charles and **right:** David and Clive

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir John Elliot

The chairman of Thos. Cook and Son, the Pullman Car Co. and the advertising agency, Willing's, Sir John Elliot has great knowledge of the world of travel. Born in 1898, he was educated at Marlborough and Sandhurst and served in the First World War with the 3rd Hussars from 1917-20. In the next four years he was in journalism in New York and London. Sir John joined Southern Railways in 1925 in charge of public relations and advertising—he was the first to use the term public relations—and rose to become the General Manager of S.R. After a visit to Australia in 1949 at the request of the Government of Victoria to advise on road and rail problems, he was appointed head of the London Midland Region of British Railways. In 1951, Sir John became chairman of the Railway Executive and chairman of London Transport in 1953. Six years later he retired from executive responsibilities to become chairman of Cooks. He was knighted in 1954. Sir John is a member of the Colonial Development Corporation and a director of Thos. Tilling, Britain's largest industrial investment company, and of the Wagon-Lits Company. He is the author of *The Way to the Tumbrils* (Paris during the French Revolution) and writes book reviews on historical and biographical subjects. A member of the M.C.C., his hobbies are watching cricket, gardening and shooting. Sir John is married with two children and four grandchildren, and lives in rural Essex where he spent his childhood. His father was R. D. Blumenfeld, one of the most famous editors of the *Daily Express*

POST OFFICE PLANNING

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It is unusual and rather refreshing, in this country, to encounter a trade union that feels ready and able to act as a ginger group to stimulate the commercial development of the industry in which its members work. This is a good deal less rare in the United States. Mr. John L. Lewis, shortly after the war, felt no qualms whatever about advising American coal owners to employ far fewer men at far higher wages; Mr. Walter Reuther, nowadays, is offering employers detailed advice about how to deal with the big shift of employees from "blue-collar" to "white-collar" jobs that he thinks must follow from the continued development of automation. Certain British unions, admittedly, have from time to time come out with lengthy and grandiose plans for the reorganisation of the industries with which they are concerned—usually when they notice it is going into a decline. But there is only one that regularly, at the time of the year when its employers are offering what amounts to annual reports and accounts, analyses these in a detailed commentary that indicates its own ideas of their shortcomings—the Post Office Engineering Union.

The Postmaster-General, in recent years, has taken to producing a White Paper every year setting out how the services he runs have been developing and what his immediate plans for investment and further development of the service are now; from time to time, also, these are supplemented by reviews covering longer periods of planned development, from five to ten years. Within a week or so, nowadays, these reports usually draw forth an equally detailed (and often considerably longer) review of telephone development from the research department of the Post Office Engineering Union, comparing what is going to be done with what the union thinks ought to be done.

I should be even more impressed, I confess, if sometimes the union's commentary offered suggestions about running the service more economically, or looked at the rate of investment with a parsimonious eye. At present, to nobody's surprise, the union's very painstaking and competent gloss upon Post Office planning is concerned essentially with arguing that the Postmaster-General should be developing—and spending—more. But the idea of increasing this particular element in public capital investment is one that may appeal quite strongly to many people who have no normal enthusiasm whatever for increasing Government spending. There are, after all, still about 53,000 people waiting for telephones, 6 per cent. more than were on the waiting list a year ago. So the union's idea that more ought to be spent on developing the service cannot be written off simply as a matter of seeking more jobs for its boys.

Not that telephone investment is an insubstantial sum already; last year it amounted to about £110,000,000, out of a total Post Office capital expenditure of £119,000,000, and this year the telecommunications services alone will require about £122,000,000 of capital. On connecting up new subscribers, specifically, the Post Office expects to spend about £30,000,000. Although it doesn't succeed in getting down that backlog of people waiting, it is connecting up homes and offices at the rate of an extra 450,000 a year.

But for every pound the Post Office spends on connecting new subscribers' circuits it has to spend about 16s. on new local lines, and it does spend about 30s. on new trunk circuits and the modernisation of exchanges. To connect up about 450,000 new subscribers a year requires something over 300,000 new local lines: the balance becomes free partly from customers moving or giving up telephone service. About a million residential subscribers—out of 3,250,000—still have to share party lines.

Development of the trunk system isn't directly related to the addition of fresh telephone subscribers, but by extending and "deepening" the scope of the telephone service it increases the facilities available to all subscribers, old and new. During the coming year the Post Office is going to increase its trunk circuits from about 33,400 to about 37,000—partly by putting in new cables and radio links, and partly by modifying existing cable systems to increase their capacity. This work will take about £21,000,000 this year. The expenditure of £24,000,000 planned on exchanges this year, on the other hand, is a matter of extra mechanisation rather than of multiplication; many small exchanges are being converted to automatic operations, and extra equipment is going into 200 exchanges. By the end of this year only about 13 per cent. of British telephone subscribers will be served by manual exchanges; moreover, some 500 exchanges, serving a third of the country's subscribers, will have facilities for "subscriber trunk dialling," by which you can dial people in other cities all round the country.

The Postmaster-General is fairly proud of all this, and of other technical developments in the system—Europe's first electronic exchange, wider development of the telex system, and the like. His employees, however, take a much less enthusiastic view: "For many years the rate of growth of the telephone service in this country has lagged behind that of most European countries." Each year it gloomily records Britain's position on a telecommunications "league table." With fewer than sixteen telephones per hundred of population, it notes, compared with more than thirty per hundred in Switzerland and more than forty per hundred in the United States, Britain presently comes only ninth in the league. Over the last decade, moreover, while the ratio of telephones to population has grown by half in this country, fourteen out of the sixteen leading countries in terms of telephone ownership have been expanding the service faster.

Both the Postmaster-General and his union critics, however, would probably agree about one deficiency in the performance of the third party to this bargain, the telephone consumer. Briefly, the English don't telephone each other enough to suit a self-respecting telecommunications system. In 1960, on the average, Britain had 577 telephone conversations per telephone, fewer than a hundred per head of population. The Belgian and Western German populations, admittedly, were still less loquacious on the telephone, but since these had fewer telephones even they had a better rate of calls per instrument installed.

Opening a bag from a chain on to a conveyor belt at the Tower Parcel Sorting Installation at Cardiff

Telephone kiosks in London designed for the G.P.O. by architect Neville Conder

The two professional reactions to our uncommercially laconic behaviour, however, differ. The Postmaster-General, logically enough in the accounting sense, reckons that if British citizens clamour to get on the telephone, but hardly use it once they get it in the house, the answer is to put up the rentals. The union is uneasy about this policy, which it thinks can help to delay the development of Britain's use of the telephone. It thinks much more ought to be spent on advertising the service (about which, this year, the annual White Paper says nothing). And the advertising, it adds, should promote the advantages of the system in a positive way—not concentrate on apologetic assurances to subscribers that the new trunk dialling system, which also involves timing local calls and charging according to how long each conversation is, won't put their bills up much.

Both of these approaches have some logic in them. The Post Office is perfectly entitled to charge for the possession of a service more than for its use, if we, the subscribers, attach great value to the possibility of getting in touch with almost anybody at will but don't in fact very often decide to get in touch with anyone. Equally, intensive advertising of telephone systems abroad, and to some extent the "promotional charging" of making the service cheaply and universally available, has paid off well in some countries. This is a practical argument about the development of a business; and as such, it is something in which the unions are welcome to offer their own opinions. Too much unsolicited advice of this kind to industrial management from their employees would soon bring protests about interference. But in Britain, at present, the emphasis is probably too much the other way. It is usually difficult to get workers and their unions interested in anything the business produces—other than pay packets.

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY

Decca factories in Surrey

The Decca Group of companies, which has factories in Surrey and Hampshire, is one of Britain's largest producers of gramophone records, large quantities of which are exported. These form a significant dollar export and many find their way as far afield as the Far East, whose demand for Western music is not generally realised in Britain. The company's recording staff spend some nine months of every year in various centres in Europe recording major classical works with many of the world's leading artists.

Decca were among the pioneers in high fidelity recordings with their ffrr (full frequency range recording), launched in 1945, which reproduces the full range of frequencies audible to the normal human ear. Advance has been continuous since that time; L.P.s were introduced in 1950 and Stereo records in 1958. To keep up with the progress in the quality of recording, the Radio and Television Division of The Decca Record Company Ltd. has developed domestic reproducers such as the Decola.

Decca also make a large quantity of specialised electronic equipment. Since the Decca Navigator system was first used for the D-Day operations in 1944, coverage has spread to almost the whole of Western Europe, the Eastern Seaboard of Canada, the Persian Gulf and India. The Navigator System, produced by The Decca Navigator Co., Ltd. requires groups of synchronised radio stations, transmitting

(*Continued on page 34*)

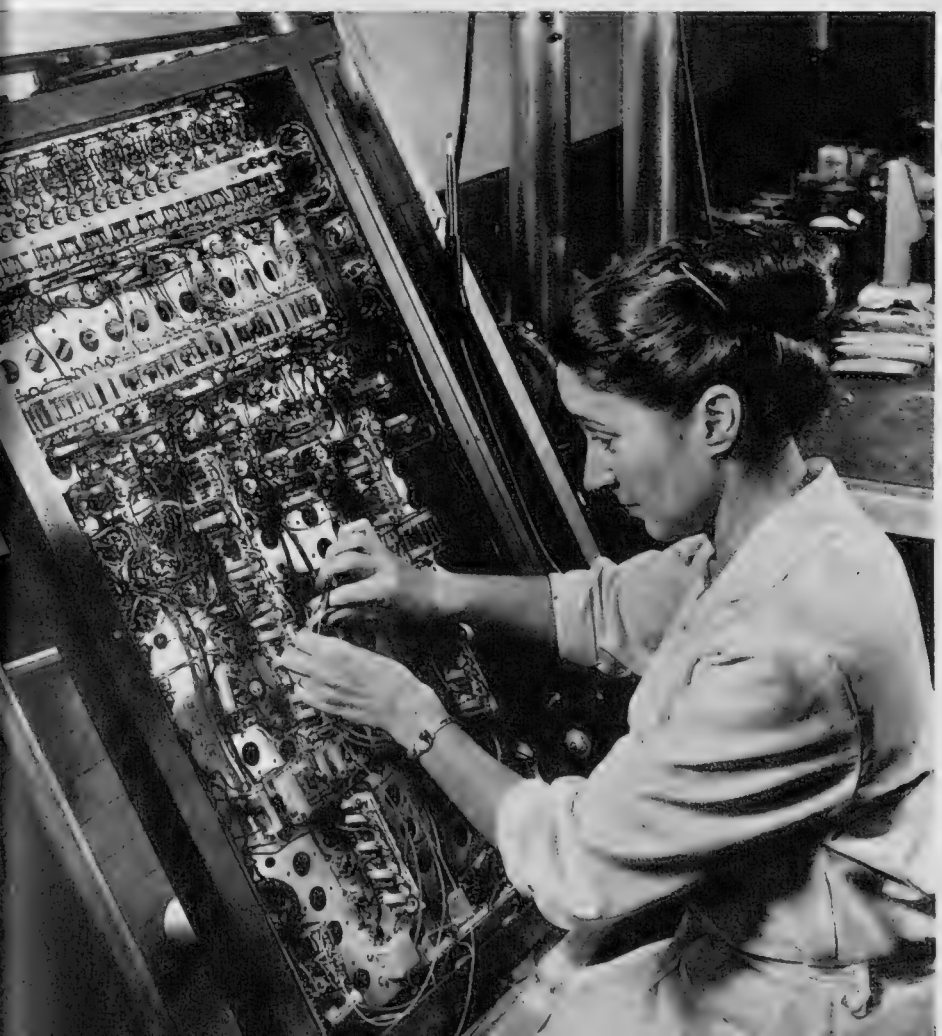
A shell enclosing a positive and a negative of a recording is removed from one of the electro-plating baths during the copying process in the record factory. The positive disc is transferred from the original master tape

In the record factory a skilled workman separates with a special tool the thin, but immensely strong nickel "stamper" (the negative) from the positive, or "mother." From the stamper finished records will eventually be pressed

In the record press a measured portion of Geon meets a pair of "stampers." The press works on a controlled 50-second cycle and exerts a pressure of about 90 tons to produce the finished disc as pictured here

The material from which records are made is fed into the intermix machine and emerges as a flat strip. It goes over the rollers a fixed number of times, and when the strip is ready it is led off to be cooled, diced, and sorted into granules of the required size. Half-hour shifts are worked at this machine because of the scorching heat in front of the rollers

The final assembly of a "Lambda" master control rack and receiver. "Lambda" is a special adaptation of Decca Navigator techniques for hydrographic survey. There are over 20,000 components in a completed receiver



Coil winding for a Decca Navigator Receiver is carried out on these specially adapted machines. These coils are wound to very close tolerances for very high accuracy

BRITISH INDUSTRY

(*Continued from page 32*)

on the long waveband, which provide an accurate grid of radio position lines. Today 7,500 vessels are equipped with the Navigator, from 40-ft. fishing boats to large ocean-going liners, including the R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, U.S.S. *America* and the newly-commissioned S.S. *France*.

The Decca Navigator system is considered to be one of the best navigational aids for civil aviation, and Harco (hyperbolic area coverage), a development of the system, is shortly to be evaluated by Eurocontrol. Decca pioneered the concept of pictorial presentation whereby navigational information is displayed continuously to the pilot by means of a moving map of the country over which he is flying.

Some 500 aircraft are equipped with the Decca Navigator, including an increasing proportion of executive aircraft. All BEA Viscounts and Comets have been fitted with Decca for a number of years and have accumulated over 1,000,000 flying hours of experience with the equipment. The Trident aircraft of this airline are also to be fitted with Decca Doppler and pictorial display. Specialised applications of the Decca system—Lambda, Hi-Fix and Two-range Decca—are used for such purposes as hydrography and oil exploration in many parts of the world.

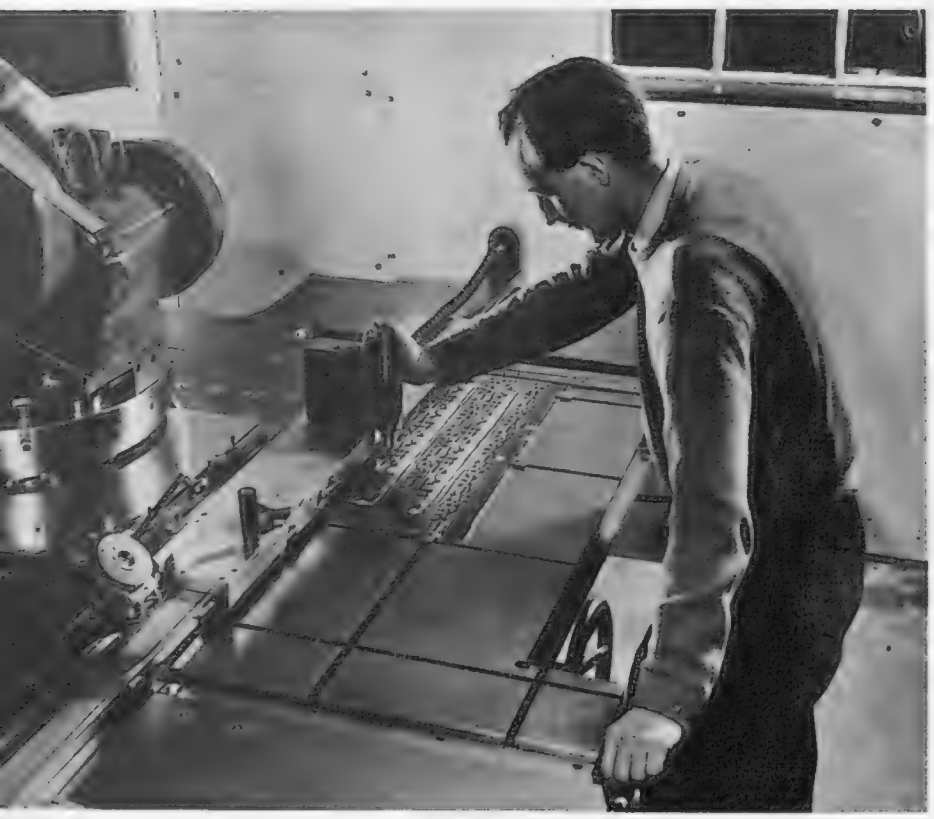
The factories of Decca Radar Ltd. are in full production with marine, naval, meteorological and air surveillance radars for civil applications, and contracts for military equipment are also being completed. In addition to the main radar factories, research and development laboratories are busy at work on advanced data handling and display systems, the production of tape units for computers and many other electronic devices.

Decca Radar Ltd. is the largest single supplier of marine radar in the world, having equipped well over 11,500 vessels since the company was formed in 1950, a figure representing approximately half the world total of radar-equipped merchant ships. In addition over forty navies use their sets. The company also pioneered True Motion presentation of radar information.

The Decca Group of Companies, some of whose varied activities are illustrated on these pages, has expanded continuously since its beginnings in 1929, and since the end of the war, group exports have grown from £90,000 to over £8,000,000, and turnover from about £1,000,000 to £25,000,000. With the exception of the research and development laboratories, the main Decca factories, at which many of these pictures were taken, are situated at Malden in Surrey.

A 12-in. marine radar display unit undergoing mechanical inspection prior to final test. Over 11,500 merchant ships are fitted with Decca radar

A woman operator has the delicate touch required for the assembly of the various components of a Decca Navigator Receiver



Operating a Wiedmann turret press. The operator, by following a colour coded pattern in front of him, is enabled to stamp holes for a Decca Navigator Receiver chassis

Mechanical assembly of a slotted waveguide marine radar aerial used in conjunction with a 16-in. display. In the background is the fibreglass protective casing

A 16-in. True Motion radar display of modern design undergoing final test. These units must conform to rigorous Ministry of Transport regulations. The extended bottom drawer contains the power pack. S.S. *France*, which recently completed her maiden voyage, is fitted with this equipment

COMPANY MEETING REPORT:

TATE & LYLE, LIMITED

Adverse Effect of Foreign Dumping.

Sir Ian Lyle on the Common Market.

The Chairman, Sir Ian Lyle, in the course of his statement at the annual meeting of Tate and Lyle Limited, said that there had been a sharp decline in home refining profits, mainly due to a drop of nearly 5 per cent. in the volume of home trade sales and 37 per cent. in export. This loss of trade was due to the resale by Russia and her satellites of beet sugar in markets previously supplied by Tate and Lyle, in order to make room for sugar bought from Cuba for political purposes. Some of these forced sales, as well as blatantly subsidised French surpluses, flowed unchecked into the United Kingdom, who alone amongst European countries kept her doors open. In all, some 200,000 tons of Communist and French subsidised sugar, not to mention 11,000 tons from Ireland, were sold to buyers here.

These large sales had jeopardised the working of the Commonwealth Sugar Agreement and the Government was forced to take action. For forty years refiners had added to the price of Empire sugar the amount of the Empire duty preference. By transferring to the Sugar Board the responsibility for this payment, sugar refined from Empire sources was allowed to compete more effectively with foreign refined sugar. Prices charged to consumers were not affected by the new arrangement. Sir Ian added that while waiting for these Government measures, Commonwealth exports were only maintained by storing excess sugar; the burden of this fell on the Company and the cost would affect its 1962 trading results.

OTHER ASPECTS OF GROUP'S TRADING

Turning to other aspects of the group's trading, Sir Ian said that the road companies had continued to expand but had operated at a reduced rate of profit. Shipping had had a difficult year and earnings of the combined fleets of Sugar Line and Silvertown Services Shipping had done little more than cover operating costs and depreciation. In the West Indies, Trinidad had had a record year but Jamaica had not fared so well. A considerable tonnage had been shipped to the United States at remunerative prices, without which Jamaica in particular would have been in a sorry plight. There was doubt whether any American quota would be allocated to the West Indies in 1962 or, if it were, whether prices would be equally attractive. Under those circumstances, group profits were unlikely to benefit in 1962 to the same extent as they had in 1961.

In Rhodesia, both the refining company and the raw sugar producing company were now subsidiaries of Tate and Lyle. Sir Ian expressed his hope that the political problems would be solved and the Federation maintained. The raw sugar company had its first profit in 1961 and with political stability he was confident that both refining and raw sugar production would develop into profitable concerns.

In Canada it was recalled that the controlling interest in the Canada and Dominion Sugar Company was bought at a price of 25 dollars per share. The market price of the shares is now in excess of that figure. There was some doubt about the future of the beet sugar industry in Ontario. While hoping to continue it, the Company had made it plain that it could not support an unprofitable industry.

THE FUTURE

As to the future, apart from the uncertainties in the West Indies, the indications were that results would not be very different from those of 1961. The long term future depended on the Common Market. There was evidence that the general efficiency of refining and raw sugar production was at least the equal of that of existing Common Market suppliers. An enlarged Common Market could provide new markets and as the present comsumption of the Six was only two-thirds of ours, there were prospects of sharing in the potential expansion. Sir Ian confessed to being soberly confident in a future in which we are members of the Common Market.

In conclusion, Sir Ian spoke of taxation. In face of increasing Government spending, he foresaw a new raid on industry. If profits were too high, competition, he said, should be stimulated. It was no solution to impose a higher profits tax which would fall on all alike. Such a tax, so far from reducing prices, would in many instances increase them. In calling for greater productivity and for more exports the Government should remember that companies, like individuals, need incentives, which it was sincerely hoped the Chancellor would give in place of resorting to threats of increased taxation.

The report and accounts were adopted.

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BRITAIN'S BUILDERS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

While attention has centred on industry's building plans and on property development schemes, too little public interest has focused on the firms that are carrying out the work. This point, made in a recent circular issued by a leading City merchant bank, highlights the small number of building companies in Britain that carry out large construction projects. Though the building industry consists typically of small units, a number of large firms have accumulated the expertise needed for complex schemes. Until recently, investors' interest in these firms was limited, for two reasons. One was that expertise tended to follow particular families—Costain, Laing, McAlpine and many others. The second reason was that large building firms do not normally need the large amount of permanent capital which induces most industrial companies to go to the City. The big builders have typically relied on bank finance: at any one time a large part of their business is represented by stocks and work in progress, which will disappear once the particular project is completed.

But in recent years changes have been taking place among Britain's builders. For one thing, the sheer size of their operations has grown. At least three of the large firms each command assets of more than £15,000,000. Secondly, many of the large building firms, more and more closely associated with property developments, have aimed to diversify their business by going into investment. The main incentive for this policy has been the wide profit fluctuations which are characteristic of the industry. These fluctuations are not necessarily reduced as building firms grow in size. Building contracts themselves are large, and completion in a specific year can have a marked effect on that period's profits. Many of the large builders have turned overseas, following the growth prospects in developing countries. But these export moves have often produced further profit uncertainties. Finally, all the large builders with overdrafts are naturally affected by any changes in Bank rate.

Among Britain's building groups, one of the largest is George Wimpey, a £29,000,000 concern headed by Sir Godfrey Mitchell. After a brief setback in 1955, profits have expanded steadily, virtually doubling from just over £1,000,000 in that year to nearly £2,000,000 in 1960. Shareholders' dividend has been doubled in the same period, but the major City attraction of Wimpey has consisted in its trade investments. These are shown in the balance sheet at less than £600,000 but their current value is believed to be many times that figure.

Two building groups only slightly smaller than Wimpey are Richard Costain and John Laing—in each case assets approach £20,000,000. Each group is still closely associated with the respective families: Sir Richard Costain heads the Costain board while Sir John Laing is president of John Laing. Costain, who carry on a wide spread of civil engineering and building work in Britain, have also been extending their interests overseas, notably in Canada and Australia.

Most major building groups have been involved in Britain's road programme, and John Laing's interest has been especially large. This group have featured in motorway building and last summer received four contracts worth £10,000,000 to build 27 miles of the Birmingham to Preston motorway. Laing's profits, by contrast with both Costain's and Wimpey's, have moved rather erratically over recent years. Both Costain and Wimpey showed a profit setback in 1955, but have since disclosed a strong upward trend; Laing profits have varied from one year to another, though 1960 proved a new record level.

For Taylor Woodrow, in contrast, 1960 proved disappointing. Profits, which had been rising steadily in previous years, were more than halved. Against this, the Taylor Woodrow board maintained shareholders' dividend at 20 per cent.—a similar rate, though on a smaller capital, was paid in the immediately preceding years—and forecast improved earnings for 1961. Difficult weather conditions plus intense competition at home and abroad accounted for the setback.

Wimpey, Costain and Taylor Woodrow were all made public before the last war. This contrasts with John Laing, a post-war share marketing, and with Holland & Hannen and Cubitts—the original builders of Eaton Square, in London—whose ordinary capital is still privately owned. A curious midway position is held by Development Securities, a £5,000,000 trust, which is linked with the McAlpine family and controls the Dorchester Hotel, built by McAlpine before the war. Since its association with the McAlpine interests—the group was formerly known as New Zealand and Crown Mines—Development Securities shares have been a striking feature in the City. Selling at little over 20s. in 1959, they now cost over £5.

Shares in the building group tend to attract people concerned with capital appreciation rather than current income. Major growth possibilities lie in the longer rather than the shorter term, while the benefits from property investments pay off only after some years. Both Wimpey and Development Securities, both of which now yield 1 per cent. or less, will appeal mainly to investors concerned with appreciation. But Taylor Woodrow and Costain, yielding 4 to 5 per cent., also hold out useful income. Investors who believe in the industry's growth possibilities and who need income should find Taylor Woodrow shares a good all-round stake in the construction business.

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LEARNING TO DRIVE FAST

A new High Performance course; through the Loire Valley with the Floride

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

It is rather frightening, in a way, to realise there are so many different and relatively inexpensive models of British cars on sale today which are capable of speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h. Not all of them are sports cars in the general meaning of that term.

I am not one of those who think that speed, as such, is dangerous. But I sometimes shudder when I think of a potent, 100-m.p.h. car in the hands of inexperienced drivers of any age. That is why I welcome the new High Performance course announced by the British School of Motoring.

It should appeal to many motorists who take a pride in their driving, who are modest enough to realise it is capable of improvement, and who would like the opportunity of driving powerful cars they may never be able to afford themselves.

This High Performance course is not cheap. The minimum programme is one of 15 hours at three guineas an hour, which comes to £47 5s. The first few hours will be spent at the Brands Hatch racing circuit in Kent. Here pupils will be shown by experienced co-drivers (they are not calling them instructors) how to drive fast round the circuit in potent cars like the E-type Jaguar, the M.G.A. 1600, the Mini-Cooper and the big 6-cylinder Wolseley.

They will also get practice on a skid track which has been built specially for the purpose at Brands. It is, in effect, a sinuous bit of road with a very slippery surface. (B.S.M. does not think much of skid pans as used by the police.) Other lessons during the High Performance course will include driving on motorways, through country lanes and in built-up areas. I am surprised night driving is not provided for and that B.S.M. does not use one of those excellent sight-testing machines before taking on these advanced pupils.

If customers attain a certain minimum standard of driving they are automatically enrolled in B.S.M.'s High Performance Club, with a membership card which makes provision for recording the different types of fast cars they have driven, like a pilot's log book. Candidates for the High Performance course are expected to produce evidence that they have passed the test of the Institute of Advanced Motorists. If they are unable to do this they are given a check test (for which they have to pay extra) before being enrolled.

I recently drove from Paris to the Valley of the Loire and, being favoured with dry, sunny weather, I could not help thinking that, all things being equal (which they usually are not), April or early May are excellent months for a sightseeing holiday among France's lovely châteaux. You get practically empty roads and excellent hotel service.

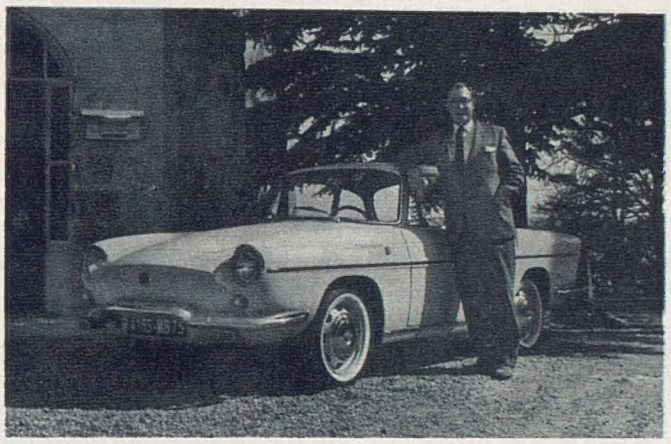
The purpose of my visit was to try out the new, more powerful and disc-braked Renault Floride. I am not yet at liberty to say what I thought of it, but I insist on stating in a preliminary sort of way that the car behaved in a manner which helped to make this out-of-season visit to the Loire Valley highly enjoyable.

I stayed at the Hostellerie du Prieuré at Chenehutte-les-Tuffeaux, near Saumur, and enjoyed good food sitting in a dining-room which commanded a fine panoramic view of the wide, lazy river. On the way back I stopped to have a look round the beautiful moated châteaux at Azay-le-Rideau and afterwards had a *coupe* in that town's Grand Monarque, a fine old hotel with an unusually gracious atmosphere.

During this trip I made good use of the 1962 edition of the Guide Michelin, now on sale in Britain at 22s. 6d. It follows its usual style and one welcomes it like an old friend whose advice, dependability and integrity one has come to take for granted. I notice there are this year eleven three-star restaurants (" worth a special journey "), 62 with two stars (" worth a detour ") and 581 with a single star (" a good restaurant for its class ").

I am looking forward, by the way, to the publication of a new guide to good food in Britain which has been compiled by Egon Ronay and which has been described as the closest approach to the Guide Michelin standards of selection this country has yet seen.

Fords of Dagenham, who will be announcing one of their new models next week, have just given news of further expansion. A £7,500,000 extension scheme is planned for the firm's main foundry, opened in 1957, and the other Dagenham foundry, built thirty years ago, will be used for other purposes.



Courtenay Edwards with the new Renault Floride

Site preparation has already begun and building work is scheduled for completion by the end of 1963. Capacity will be increased by 50 per cent. and it is hoped to produce more than 600 tons of castings a day. Heavy manual work will be virtually eliminated by new production techniques involving a high degree of automation. But, says the company, every effort will be made to absorb all existing employees.

Another big move announced by Fords is the transfer of their administrative staff from Dagenham to Warley, near Brentwood, in Essex, where they will work in a new T-shaped, six-storey building which Fords claim will be one of the most up-to-date and lavishly equipped office buildings in Europe.

Two thousand members of Fords white-collar staff will be affected. They will be moved, early in 1964, into a building designed by Sir Thomas Bennett, an eminent British architect, who has made provision for full air-conditioning throughout, a cinema which will also be used as an assembly hall, rest rooms for women employees on every floor, cloak-rooms with facilities for drying wet clothes and a car park for 1,000 vehicles. There will be terraced rose gardens for the use of the employees and on the main roof there will be a penthouse with directors' dining-rooms, a lounge, a garden and living accommodation.

Mr. J. A. Barke, Fords assistant managing director and the man responsible for the project, tells me the move is part of the firm's current £70,000,000 expansion programme.

I was interested to learn of a navigation aid patented by Mr. R. B. Bailey, a Farnborough (Hampshire) engineer. It consists of a device using a roll-type strip map and operated by a flexible cable from the gear-box. The speed of the moving map exactly matches that of the car and its precise position is indicated by a finger of light shining through the map. Very useful, I should think, on a long solo journey the route for which could be planned in advance. If you had to make a detour or missed your way, the gadget could be easily re-set with the aid of a slip-clutch.

Mr. Bailey and his associates are not planning to go into production with the device themselves but are hoping an instrument firm will market it.

During a recent trip to the Continent I found myself discussing caravans with Mr. Rudolf Ulenhaut, a top Mercedes-Benz engineer. He makes frequent use of a caravan which he tows, behind a Mercedes 220, when he goes ski-ing at weekends. I was astounded by the speeds at which he claims to pull his caravan as he leaves Stuttgart behind him as quickly as possible, and he told me that one of his secrets is that he never relies on brakes of the " over-run " type which push the caravan brakes on as momentum presses it against the slowing car.

I was reminded of this conversation when reading the latest edition of the R.A.C.'s " Caravanning and Camping Service," which has a special section dealing with the law regarding caravan towing. The R.A.C. chief engineer gives some useful advice on driving when towing a trailer and says: " The automatic trailer brake, usually of the ' over-run ' type, whilst effective, does not provide the maximum braking effect, as do car brakes, weight for weight, and considerably greater stopping distances are required when towing a caravan."

Briefly. . . . Work will begin soon on a bridge to carry the six-mile, £3,250,000 Newark by-pass over the Trent at Winthorpe. It is part of the £50,000,000 Great North Road improvement programme. . . . The R.A.C. has issued a reminder that its specially designed first-aid kit for motorists costs only 7s. 6d. (plus a shilling postage), and contains a booklet on the diagnosis and treatment of a variety of accident injuries. . . .

Mr. John Morgan, General Secretary of the British Automobile Racing Club for twenty-five years, is retiring at the end of 1962—the Club's golden jubilee year—to develop his various business interests. . . . In spite of being injured racing in Australia, Ron Flockhart intends to attack the Australia-U.K. air record on April 16 as planned. He hopes to fly a demilitarised Mustang from Melbourne via Singapore, Madras and Brindisi in 36 hours. . . .

The A.A. is distributing more than 2,750,000 copies of its 1962 Members' Handbook in time for Easter. It contains a number of new features, including identification of hotels with separate TV rooms. . . . This year's Paris Motor Show (October 4-14) will be held at the Porte de Versailles. Since 1897 it has been staged in the Grand Palais off the Champs-Elysées. The proposed move to the new Paris exhibition centre at Puteaux has been deferred because that place is not served by the Metro.

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35	Löwen	18.00	24.00
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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

SIXTY PER CENT. of letters I receive from readers of this column come from distant parts of the two hemispheres. Naturally they are out of touch with winds of change that have affected costs, modes of travel and, more importantly still, changes in hotels.

Just as I was sitting down to pen this week's column I received a letter from a reader in Mbale, and the gist of it is that she and her husband hope to arrive in Edinburgh in early October, and intend hiring a car with a view to travelling through the wildest and most beautiful parts of Scotland with a fortnight at their disposal. What would I recommend? Early October is normally a good time to tour in Scotland, for hotel accommodation is more easily come by, the weather is normally fine and with luck the mountain-tops will have had their first powdering of snow, which does so much to add to scenic values while travelling the well-metalled Scottish roads.

I am not going to attempt to divide up this fortnight. All I propose to do is to sketch out a route which could be comfortably covered in the fourteen days and still allow for pottering.

As so often is the case, it was difficult to judge from my inquirer's letter what types of hotels they were seeking, so to act as a guide I have indicated against each hotel the present known bed and breakfast prices.

EDINBURGH HOTELS. A safe choice would be one of the following:

Abercromby Hotel. A 20-bedroom privately owned hotel. Five minutes' walk from Princes Street. B.B. 25s. to 30s.

Braid Hills Hotel. Ten minutes' bus ride from Princes Street, close to Braid Hills Golf Course. 52 bedrooms. B.B. from 35s.

George Hotel. One of the top-notchers. 90 bedrooms, 70 with private bath. Restaurant, dancing nightly, and so on. B.B. from 55s.

Roxburghe Hotel, with dignity and character all its own. A first-class hotel where visitors hate to miss a meal. 70 bedrooms, 12 with private bath. Fully licensed. B.B. from 43s. 6d.

Norton Hotel, Newbridge. Nine miles out off the main Glasgow road. An attractive country-house hotel in 24 acres of policies. Renowned for good food. 11 bedrooms. B.B. from 35s.

On leaving Edinburgh, steer northwards to the fair city of Perth. Be sure to visit the *Royal George Hotel* by the banks of the salmon-filled Tay. 54 bedrooms. B.B. 28s. 6d. to 33s.

Pitlochry is an obvious centre for a night or nights. The largest hotel, *Atholl Palace,* 110 bedrooms, closes at the end of September, except for conferences. *Green Park Hotel,* 28 bedrooms, B.B. 30s., closes in October. However, *Fisher's Hotel,* in the main street, is open all the year round. 30 bedrooms. B.B. 29s.

A suggested line of route from Pitlochry is to Spittal of Glenshee, *Dalmunzie House Hotel* (closed approximately October to Easter), B.B. from 35s., over the Devil's Elbow to Braemar—*Invercauld Arms,* 56 bedrooms, B.B. from 36s., passing close by Balmoral. Here turn northward on the A.939, and at Cock Bridge divert right on the B.973 and make for *Kildrummy Castle Hotel,* Kildrummy, one of the most satisfying finds in the whole of Scotland. 12 bedrooms. B.B. from 35s.

Now climb all the way to Tomintoul and then down to Grantown-on-Spey, where the *Grant Arms* will be found, a charming base. 50 bedrooms. B.B. from 33s. Closed October-April.

Alternative accommodation will be found on the coast at Nairn, *The Newton Hotel,* 33 bedrooms. B.B. 25s. to 55s. *Carrbridge Hotel,* Carrbridge, open all the year, 55 bedrooms, B.B. 25s. to 30s., or—farther north—the smaller *Freeburn Hotel,* Tomatin, 10 bedrooms, B.B. from 22s. 6d.

Then proceed through Inverness and head north for Lairg, *Sutherland Arms,* 40 bedrooms, B.B. from 37s. 6d., which I would advocate as a base for any further north expeditions. It's slow going hereabouts—it took us a whole morning last September to drive from Lairg to Ullapool, 45 miles down.

In Ullapool the *Royal Hotel,* which was in process of rebuilding when we were there last, should be completed. Probable B.B. terms here, or at the *Caledonian Hotel,* from 27s. 6d.

From Ullapool short-cuts can be made back to Inverness via Garve, or via Achnasheen to Kyle Lochalsh, but for the more ambitious motorist turn south at Braemore Lodge for the circular trip, taking in Aultbea and Gairloch, and so via Achnasheen to Kyle of Lochalsh. Good hotels in this area are few and far between. Note at Gairloch, *Shieldaig Lodge Hotel,* 17 bedrooms, B.B. from 25s., and the British Transport Hotel at the Kyle, *Lochalsh Hotel,* 36 bedrooms, B.B. from 43s. Naturally at the Kyle no tourist will want to miss seeing something of Skye. It would be hard going to cover the island in a day, so best stop a night over there. Hotel suggestions are *Edinbane Hotel,* 8 bedrooms, B.B. 21s. to 22s. 6d., 14 miles north-west of Portree, closed October to May. *Skeabost House Hotel,* 15 bedrooms, B.B. from 35s., 5 miles from Portree. *Sligachan Hotel,* 34 bedrooms, B.B. 30s. to 35s., 27 miles from Kyle ferry. Closed from late October to Easter.

Returning to the mainland, a fine moorland scenic run can now be enjoyed on the A.87 and A.887 to Invermoriston, *Glenmoriston Arms Hotel,* 15 bedrooms, B.B. from 30s., or down to *Invergarry Hotel,* 16 bedrooms, B.B. from 32s. 6d., both on the Inverness-Fort William road.

From either of these proceed to Ballachulish, cross the ferry, drive up through the Pass of Glencoe (note *Bridge of Orchy Hotel,* 12 bedrooms, B.B. 25s.), and then, at Crianlarich, turn left for Killin and Loch Tay, through to Aberfeldy. Hereabouts there is a wider choice of hotels. At Killin, *Bridge of Lochay,* 17 bedrooms, B.B. from 23s. 6d., open all the year. Near Aberfeldy, *Weem Hotel,* 17 bedrooms, B.B. 26s. and, in Aberfeldy itself, the *Palace Hotel,* 20 bedrooms, B.B. 23s. 6d. to 30s. Nor should one miss *Fortingall Hotel,* near Aberfeldy, where Mr. Heptinstall has won international fame for his creative ability as chef, and for his wide-ranged cellar. This hotel is closed from mid-November to mid-March, and bookings for meals are always advisable.

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